MEN ONLY

PUBLISHED BY PAUL RAYMOND

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SAMANTHA 43

JENNY 35

ALLIE 13

On my way here this morning the brakes unaccountably failed on the Porsche, with the effect that it was immediately backed into at 120mph by a rogue hearse. Bodies everywhere, but luckily no one was killed who was not already dead.

I blame it all on the Government. In fact, as I said to Maggie only last week: "The only way to save Britain from becoming one vast traffic jam is to convert the M25 into a 27-lane highway and construct huge 550-lane expressways into London from all directions (avoiding Dulwich). This will alleviate the problem of traffic converging on the capital, as London will have become one 550,000-lane highway, and who wants to converge on that?"

She seemed positively orgasmic at the idea, but of course nothing has been done yet. So I did the decent thing when involved in an

WHEEE! 20

BLAH!

As no one ever believes anything they read in the letters' column, why not let your hair down and tell us the truth?

Warning!

Sir: I would like to make use of your fascinating magazine to warn other ladies against a new sort of sexual aid that their men may be using without their knowledge.

The device goes by various names – the one I had trouble with was called Xtra.

Men use it to add extra inches to their cocks. It is essentially a thick latex condom, with two inches of glans-shaped rubber at the end. In use it produces a big, thick pussy-filling weapon which can't be detected if one's used to condoms – and which of us, if we are to have any fun at all, are not using the dreadful things these days?

It is typical of silly male pride that a man will use such a device secretly, hoping his wife – who goodness knows should have a better idea of the size of his prick than most women – will think he has suddenly become a massively-hung stud.

Of course, it's nice of them to want to give us pleasure, fill our cunts to stretching point and make us come and come. But to use such a thing secretly can lead to a broken marriage. As my husband found out.

I know I was a bit tiddly, but it wasn't the wine, it's just that when I'm properly sexually stimulated my brain doesn't work any more. I forget about everything except the pleasure crashing against my frail body in wave after wave.

We made love in our usual way. He laid me over the spanking block and smacked my bottom gently, but firmly, for about half an hour – until I was hot behind and bubbling wet in front. Then he put on the condom and carried me to our bed. And he entered me.

It was so long! It was so thick! It was so hard. And he rammed it into me with such vigour that I almost fainted from pleasure.

I forgot that this was my husband riding in my saddle. It didn't feel like my husband at all. And in a moment of delirium I thought I was fucking George, the chauffeur.

So I said the things George likes to hear after he has given me a deliciously sound smacking. "Fuck me, fuck your slut. Fuck my hot cunt, I'm a whore!"

It's touching the way class still drives a man to the heights of pleasure.

And, of course, I called out his name. "Fill my cunt with your hot cum, George!"

Stupid woman!

Of course, I never talk like that to my husband. A marquis is not thrilled by the thought of screwing a lady who uses words like 'cunt'. He likes his lady pure so he can enjoy his real whores.

So he wilted. And grew very distant. And left for Bangkok next day.

Leaving this damn Xtra thing inside me. I couldn't get it out.

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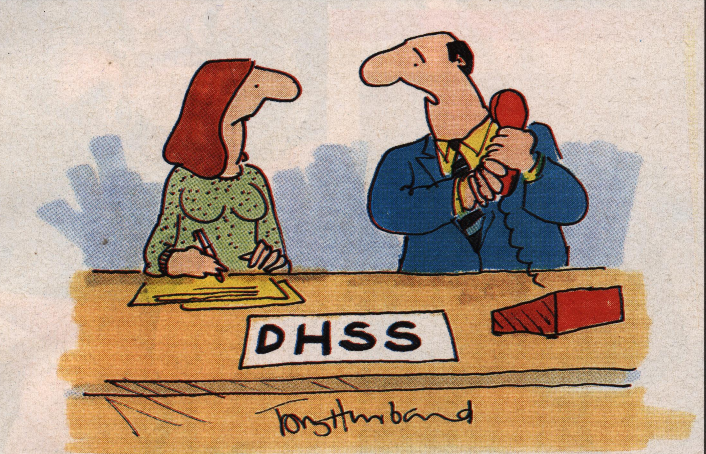

"It's Old Mother Hubbard. Apparently she went to the cupboard to get her poor dog a bone and . . ."

accident: bribed a passing cabbie to pretend he was the driver of my Porsche and phoned the police.

When they arrived I waited until they started beating the cabbie up, then jumped into their Sierra and headed on to town, sirens blaring.

Well, fair enough, the editorial of *Men Only* has to be written. It is a matter of national importance. Especially since the entire editorial staff is absent, having gone for 'a quick drink' a week ago last Wednesday. Of course, no one here is naïve enough to believe that a 'quick drink' means the session will be swiftly over. Of course not! 'A quick drink' means they will all swill it down as fast as possible to see who can gorge the most in the 36 hours before closing time.

So it remains to me, Terrance the mandatory yuppie, to fill you in on the goings-on up here at Raymond Towers since last month. In a word: nothing! With the guv'nor in Antigua, the entire staff went down to Gastroenteritis where they spent a relaxing time lying around moaning. When they're here they *sit around* moaning and I suppose a change is as good as a rest. (In fact, the man Player *was* arrested, for wearing over-strong aftershave on the piste and closing Switzerland down – as all the alarms indicated a gas attack.)

Eight hundred kilometres of piste apparently (and the editor piste on over half of them), not to mention topless instructresses with enormous, suntanned German tits and inflatable bottoms (that's what it says on the considerably dog-eared postcard – his only communication with the outside world so far), and the man apparently spending most of his time flat on his arse at 30mph, tripping them up with his ski-sticks and them falling on his face with pin-point accuracy and him still going on about it in the pub.

So this issue was prepared by the Accounts Department. And you can

GOTCHA! 7

DEBBIE 62

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SUSIE 94

see that it is packed with the sort of girls accountants love: wonderful figures, great curves, tax deductable and cheap. The whole issue is a book keeper's dream: full of figures and columns, looks great on the surface but, somehow, when you look into it, nothing seems to add up./ *The Editors.*

MY CONFESSION 78

THE • DONE • THING

HOORAY HOLS

Mountain bike hunting, windsurfer torpedoing, rambler trapping – are they cruel sports? No! The vulgar sporty erks enjoy it as much as we do!

"Summer has set in with its usual severity."

S. T. Coleridge

At the start of an English summer I always have misgivings. What the hell is a gentleman to *do* during this long festival of vulgarity? You can't stay in town because the place is choked by hordes of Nips and Jerries whose grandfathers the boss-eyed British army managed to bloody well miss during the war! Besides, the bolshevik London Councils hire extra labour in the summer to pile bags of rubbish and block the drains in any area where a gentleman is able to have his town house.

And it's as bad in the country. At the first touch of sun the lower orders get this demented desire to enjoy themselves, which generally means farting around where they shouldn't be – anywhere that a gentleman might be forced to witness their peasant amusements: windsurfing, waterskiing, rambling and so on. Ye Gods! They seem to think they have a perfect right to litter the countryside with their alarming day-glo anoracs rustling like a schooner's tops'ls in a hurricane. (Only good thing about that is it blots out the computerised jungle music which they must blast all around them, presumably to stop them thinking what silly arses they look.)

A RIGHT PUNT: Once hay making's over there's bugger all to do anyway. No hunting, nothing worth shooting (trespassers don't run as fast as they used to), and what fishing there is buggered up with fat tradespeople – vulgar bankers and the like. Idiots whose idea of fly casting is to catch their hook in their flies on the backswing and cast themselves into the river.

So many of them around, I've stocked my own section of the Test with piranhas. But it looks unsightly with pin-striped skeletons piled up on every bend. Besides, the little buggers ate every other fish in the river and they're no sport. Won't rise to a fly, unless it's attached to a shoulder of mutton and it's hard to cast that elegantly, especially attached to a titanium steel trace.

Used to take the punt out in the old days. But now your pole gets stuck up the arsehole of some nude swimmer. Nothing for it but to open fêtes worse than death and wait for the Twelfth.

In the meantime I'm working on a Private Member's Bill to restrict the hoi polloi to within five miles of their homes. May get government support as it's definitely a 'green' issue. Seems to me, if you keep these vulgar stockbrokers at home in their ghastly slums, they'll be forced to clear up dumps like Epsom rather than drag their foul yoghurt cartons and smoked salmon papers round here!

VULGAR PASTIMES: Country House parties aren't worth attending, now all the houses are owned by plc's. Full of men who talk about what a 'nice hice' it is, and jumped-up secretaries who are so ugly you feel, at first sight, you're being introduced to a pig on stilts.

Besides, they play this vulgar 'lorn tennis'. Ghastly game! Women displaying thighs like termite mounds tarted up in frilly knickers that let the pubes loose at the leg, and poofs in a thousand quid's worth of vest and pants with leopards on, screaming at each other from either side of a net. It's a mystery to me, but the point seems to be that you knock a ball over the net, then hold a heated argument about where it landed until it's time for tea.

I suppose if the men could afford some decent flannels or shaved their legs it would be less offensive. But I doubt it because as soon as they pick up the bat they turn into rude American teenagers and that will never do.

It's not, anyway, a summer game. The balls sop up the rain and splodge down the court like snowballs. I wouldn't mind so much if it was played on grass, but they all use these common green plastic squares and they're dangerous. Touch the net and you get an electric shock that might very well send you sane!

And the vulgarity! I mean, they call each other *'love'!* "That's 15, love," I heard one woman say with my own ears. And a duke's daughter, too!

Cricket's out as well. Have you *been* to Lords recently? It's like some damn chamber of commerce! They try and ban the mobile phones and the laptop computers, but the tradespeople sneak off and use them in the lavs. The pavilion is like a merchant bank. True, polite applause still sounds out occasionally from the members' enclosure – but only at the news that the FT Index has risen 15 points.

Village cricket used to be all right. But these days the rustics all try to play like the England Test Team. Which means nobody ever wins. Usually they end up playing two men a side, thanks to the modern habit of calling the umpire a 'blind old cunt'. Which, as I stand with a brace of Purdies, is a debatable tactic.

I don't raise my finger to give 'em out any more. I raise my gun. And they don't so much walk, as run!

Croquet is ruined by the invention of the radio-controlled ball and flat racing – well, saving Her Majesty's presence, it's never been flatter. Just trade, an adjunct to the bloodstock business. Never get to know the nags. By the time he's three any likely horse has netted a few million and is standing at stud. New unknowns all the time,

coming and going like pop groups.

NEW FIELD SPORTS: Of course, it was the English gentleman who invented all the games there are (except lawn tennis) and we have come up with a few to while away the summer.

MOUNTAIN BIKE-HUNTING, for example.

You gentlemen will be only too aware of the garish big-tyred bicycles which young idiots in jester's costume ride through your coverts without a by your leave. Well, they're a blessing in disguise!

So brightly coloured you can't miss 'em, and so much rubber on the wheels they leave a good scent. Give you a good chase, too.

The Uttoxeter Bike Beagles have wound some up to almost 40 miles per hour! Just like foxes, too, go anywhere, jump anything – they just don't have as much brain.

But drive a couple up to the edge of an old quarry and watch them ride vertically down the face and you'll see what I mean. Good sport and it lasts all summer.

RAMBLER TRAPPING'S fun, too. Don't give you a decent chase – bearded vegetarians in little glasses with no stamina. Hunt saboteurs, the lot of 'em.

But they're fun to trap. Pitfalls and springles that zip them up to the top of a sapling by their Brasher boots make for an amusing evening. You can easily discover their runs from an ordinance survey map and after that it's just a matter of walking the traps.

Be polite. Say something like: "Evening. Bird watching?" to a poltroon hanging in a tree and you will find his language very colourful.

At sea you can enjoy the thrills of big game fishing, without having to suffer dagos, by towing a paravane as you cruise. Waterski erks are never happy unless making life a misery for anyone who can afford a decent-sized boat and the paravane gives good sport.

Either the speedboat catches its propellor in the cable – in which case the skier runs into the stern and joins his friend in the driver's seat like a high velocity bullet. Or the boat jumps it, he catches his skis and performs a remarkable jump.

It's fun betting on whether the driver will run him over or not. Won 500 guineas off Buffy last week on a driver with quick reactions.

Some gentlemen might think this a cruel sport, but it is nothing of the sort. They enjoy it as much as we do!

For the really skilled there is windsurfer torpedo-ing. Really go like the clappers in a bit of wind, those fellers, for all they look like they're squatting on the khazi. Turn on a halfpenny, too. It takes real skill to blast the plastic ironing board from under them.

And like all great games it hones skills that will prove useful in the next war.

REAR STALKING is another pleasant summer evening

WINE • WOMEN & LUNCH

GIRLIE GOODIES

Misogynous dross written, of course, by a woman. It's incredible how bitter a lesbian can get after two failed sex change operations.

Women, like quadraphonic, high-frequency, low-rumble, direct-drive, digital-dolby music systems, come in all shapes and sizes, all costs and colours. You can turn them on, rub them up, and twiddle their knobs. But, due to a previously overlooked and highly dangerous design fault, you can't turn them off. And, just like a music system that can't be turned off, continuous auto-reverse women soon make your brain throb and wake the neighbours. Here, in one of the most revealing examinations of the 20th Century female since Dr. Crippen, we look at some of the reasons why.

DRIVING

If God had intended women to drive, He'd have given them brains. Unfortunately, they haven't the brains to realise this, so our roads are peppered with empty-headed women vainly trying to solve the mysteries of the five-speed gearbox while they take the toddlers to play group, or pop down to Daphne's for coffee and a quick spot of character assassination. And it doesn't stop there. You've no doubt noticed her total inability to reverse into any parking space in under 17 minutes, and the way she always checks her rear-view mirror before applying her lipstick. But there are other, less obvious annoying habits. Such as never quite depressing the clutch pedal fully; modestly refusing to touch the horn when people are watching; blithely asserting her prerogative to stop without warning or excuse; and driving at precisely 29.6 mph whether it's in town, on the motorway, or up your own front driveway.

All this might be tolerable, if her idea of car maintenance didn't seem to consist entirely of emptying the ashtrays and dangling a fresh lavender puff-ball from the choke control once a month. But who does she think is going to replace the stickers and tune the radio, for God's sake?

TALKING

Talking would be a marvellous way to pass the time with a woman, if she didn't expect you to take part. As she does, this must be seen as one of her most malicious and unforgivable traits; and throughout history men have gone to extreme lengths to avoid it. Van Gogh chose to cut off his own ear rather than listen to another word; Lord Lucan removed his whole body; Beethoven decided to go deaf; and Henry VIII managed to head off conversation in a much more direct, but now sadly outlawed, manner.

But, you know, despite the evident hazards to both parties, many women still try so hard to talk, you'd probably almost think they were human.

BREAKING A HEEL

You know how it is: you've just broken out of the mad scientist's dungeon with a toothpick, two fly buttons and a battery-powered chainsaw. The red alarm's gone off, big black guards are swarming about behind big black pistols, and a pack of Dobermans is yomping through the undergrowth panting for your blood. You've got precisely 90 seconds to get out and reach the helicopter before the bomb goes off and blows the whole place to bits. You grab the girl's hand, and set out on that last desperate dash across the crocodile swamp to safety. Then – *crack!* – she breaks a heel. The ballgown and white gloves, you can understand. The tiara and diamond necklace may be a shade flashy for the Amazon jungle but they're OK, too. But her unerring ability to insert a stiletto heel down the only rabbit hole for 50 miles completely defies belief.

COMING OUT OF THE CLOSET

Seen against the incidence of sexual activity in the average adult male, the average adult female's habit of coming out of the closet shouldn't present too many problems. But when she comes out, carrying a fistful of dusters, furniture polish and a vacuum cleaner, you have a right to be concerned. It's not her practice of indulging in this filthy habit that is objectionable; rather the uncanny way she always decides to do it five minutes after you sit down in front of the video with an ice-cold six-pack and a plate of sausage sandwiches. With her powers

sport. Take the glasses and search the long grass for naked male arses. There'll be dozens of 'em in your young barley of a bank holiday.

Stalking them so's to get really close before they break cover is an art. Wait for the short strokes, then pepper 'em up with a four-ten.

They'll thank you for it! The best orgasm they ever had, I shouldn't wonder. Besides, tuppers are fair game – they don't feel a thing!

THE OLD WAYS: The new games help, but most of us yearn for the good old days. Which is why, as I said at the beginning, at the start of an English summer I always have misgivings.

Miss Sarah Givings, to be precise.

Wonderful seat, but a little heavy-handed with the whip./ *The Rev. Giles Uttoxeter.*

---

of perception, how on earth does she know?

WASHING

The frequency and devotion with which a woman feels she has to wash must raise serious doubts about her personal freshness. Theoretically, this shouldn't be annoying, as she thoughtfully locks herself away in the bathroom until it's all over. But, due to a major cock-up in modern home design, most bathrooms now also contain the only place in the house where it's possible to sit and think without being assaulted with a vacuum cleaner. Obviously, when you've got to sit and think rather quickly, it's a terrible nuisance to find her encamped in there indefinitely – and to find you've got to find a way to get her out. Setting off the fire alarm doesn't help; she's got enough water in there to douse a flaming oil rig. And appeals to her better nature won't work, either; she hasn't got one. What you really need is a spider.

It's surprisingly easy to train man's second best friend to crawl under a bathroom door. It will need acclimatising to the strange Hindu temple-cum-Hereford shippen atmosphere it may encounter along the way, and you'll have to prepare it for what it will see on the other side. But her shock at seeing a small, furry spider stealing towards her small, furry parts will shift any woman out of the bathroom faster than 50 pounds of gelignite. And there's a lot less wiping up to do afterwards.

FALLING IN LOVE

All women show an unhealthy tendency to fall in love instantly, forever and for the

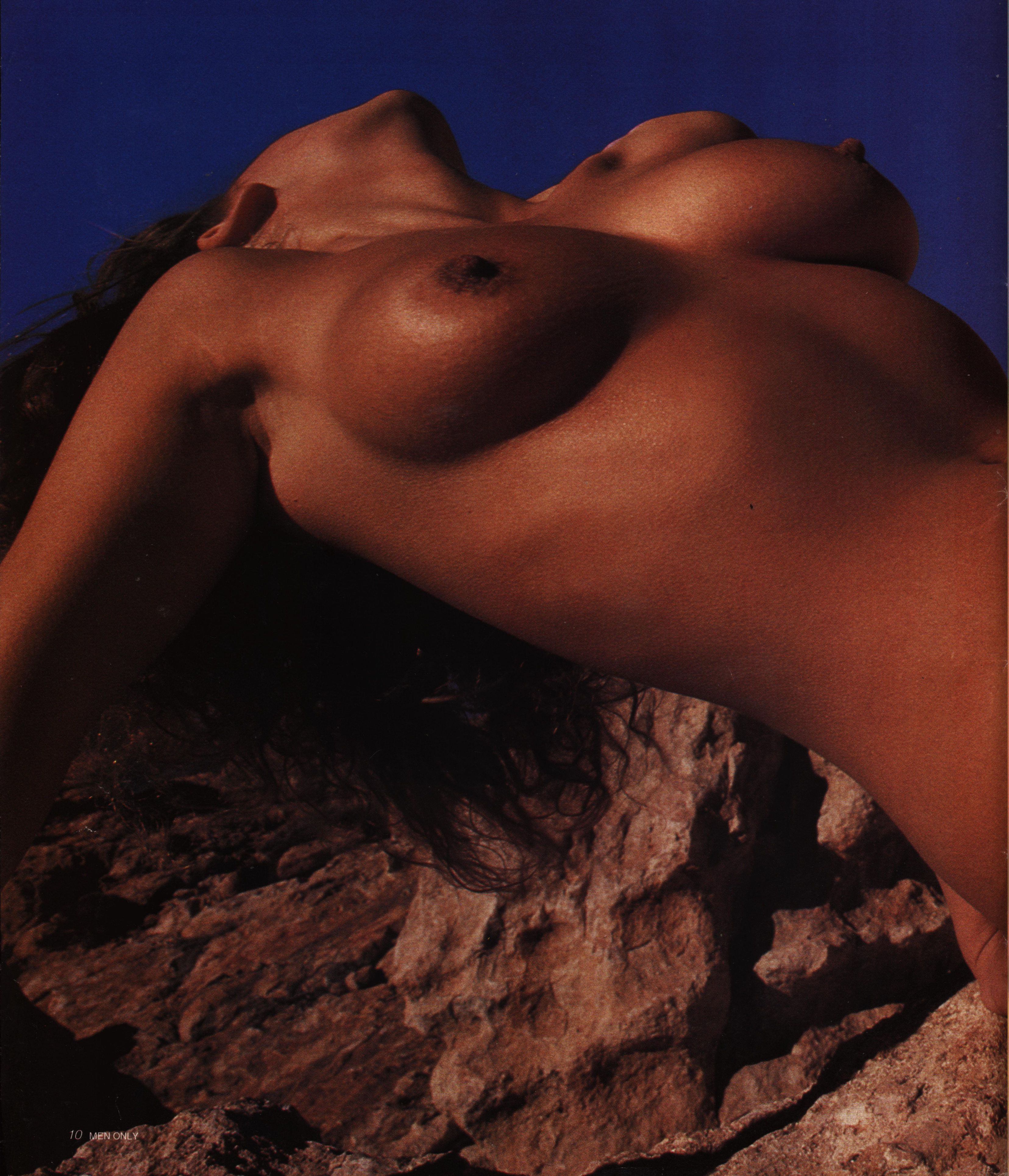
continued on page 12

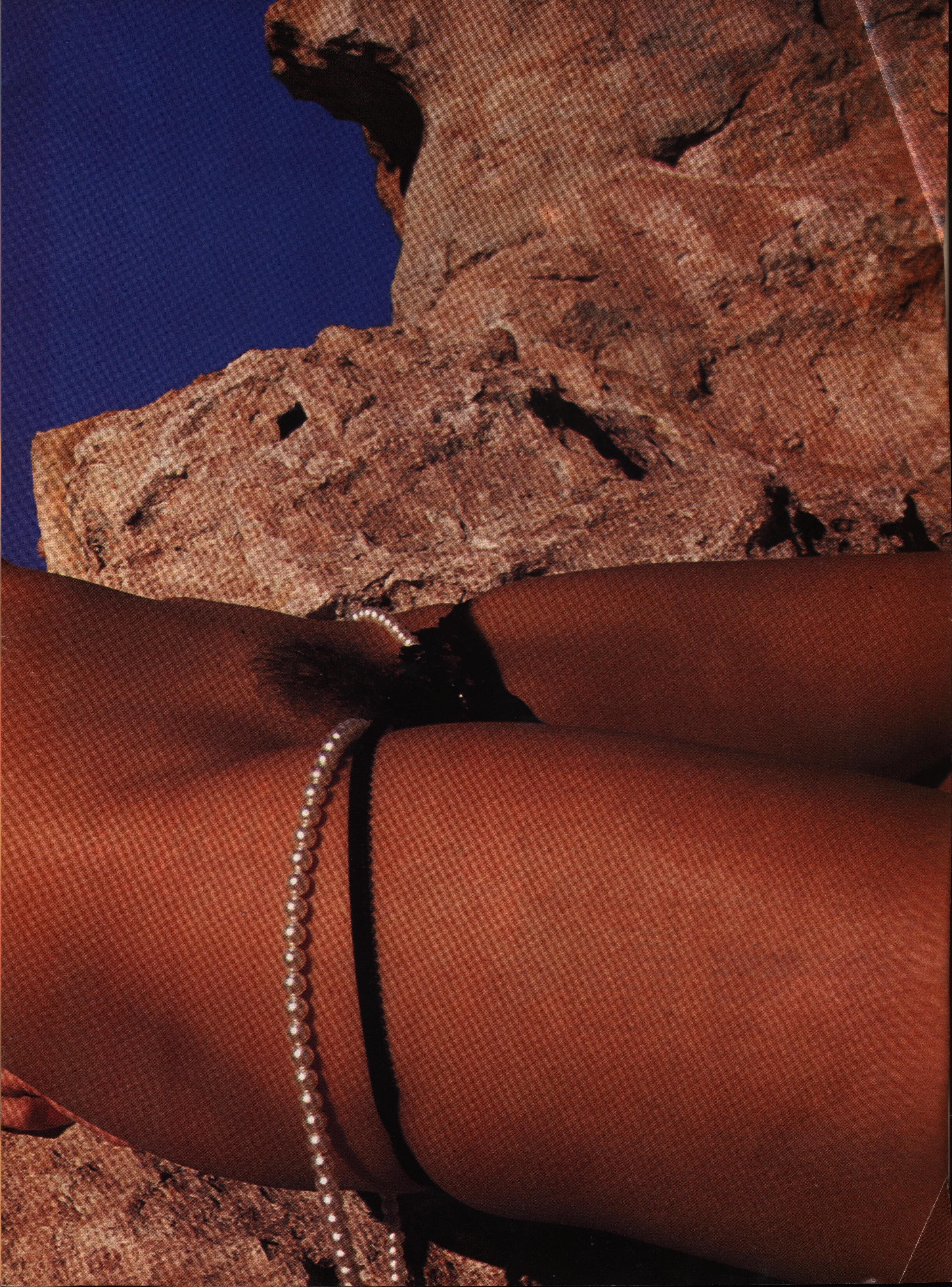
GOTCHA!

If you can't tell the difference between a beachbum and a bum on the beach you end up with tramps in your pants.

Ruin the beach, these nude sunbathers. Can't sit there with your braces undone and a hanky on your head feeling comfortable any more. It's all holding your gut in and sticking your bollocks out and trying to pretend you're not taking sneaky snaps of them. Just another busman's holiday! And what about the talent, eh?

What about all the *Men Only* pouting gorgeobirds with their taut, goose-fleshed bottoms and yearning breasts and wet-lipped smiles, eh? Where are they? Up the other bloody end of the beach, squire, indulging in bloody photo opportunities for tourists at 20 quid a time. Not bloody fair!





continued from page 7

most unreasonable reasons. And to fall out again instantly, forever and for no reason at all. Objects of her inexplicable desire can range from ponies, puppies and three-piece suites, to fur coats, curtains and great big bank accounts. But it's when she falls empty-head-over-broken-heels in love with someone as ugly, vile and vulgar as you that you know she's just got to be round the twist.

THROWING YOUR DINNER IN THE BIN

This is a cheery little feminine ritual, designed to welcome you back into the family bosom. By binning your grub, she is, in effect, saying that she doesn't feel appreciated and she deserves to be shown more gratitude for what she does. Take the hint and thank her. After all, it saves you the trouble of throwing it in the bin yourself.

WAITING

Actually this is a more or less permanent state for a woman to be in.

Indeed, she becomes so used to it that she'd need a course of anti- depressant tablets if she ever found herself without something to wait for. Mainly, she fills her time by waiting for buses, trains and birthday presents. But her favourite target is you – waiting for you to come home, waiting for you to paint the kitchen, and waiting for you to say you're sorry for not coming home and painting the kitchen. As such, she frequently finds herself waiting for a very long time, too.

SLIDING HER HAND INTO YOUR POCKET

This is one of the few female habits that most men find perfectly acceptable. In fact, the tantalising touch of her silken hand as it slithers into the trousery depths of your erogenous zones could be almost pleasant, if it wasn't so disconcerting. Typically, though, the way she prefers to do it all by herself in the privacy of your own wardrobe – 30 minutes after you've left for work – tends to detract from the experience somewhat./ *Ralph Nodes.*

Q U I Z Z L E

WEDDING CONTROL

We reveal what sort of husband you are using the techniques of top psychiatrists: numbered questions printed in black ink on white paper.

1. You are on navel manoeuvres with your latest fiancée when her father bursts into the bedroom with a shotgun, and calls upon you to plight your troth. Would you use:
- **a)** A ring and a kneeling mat?
- **b)** Chopsticks and a table mat?
- **c)** A rag and some embrocation?
- **d)** Tact and diplomacy?
- **e)** A karate chop and the back door?
- **f)** The lavatory?

2. When your wife promised to love, honour and obey, did this mean:
- **a)** She was pledging her body and soul to you for eternity?
- **b)** She'd make you breakfast for about a week?
- **c)** The end of life as you knew it?
- **d)** She was lying?
- **e)** She was drunk?
- **f)** Trouble?

3. Amid the laughter and tears of your wedding reception, your new bride thoughtfully lays aside her bottle of brown ale and stops fighting to mention that she just happens to be schizophrenic, £50,000 in debt and in love with the best man. Do you feel:
- **a)** Homicidal?
- **b)** It's time to confess that you are, too?
- **c)** It's time to get drunk?
- **d)** Relieved you're not planning to take her on honeymoon with you?
- **e)** Relieved you didn't hire a real vicar?
- **f)** Glad she's not Welsh?

4. Out walking the wife one evening, you pause to watch the demolition of a brothel, only to find yourselves rapidly moved on by an omnipotent policeman. You have gone barely half a league when your wife looks back and is turned into a pillar of salt. Do you:
- **a)** Sell her at 15p a pound?
- **b)** Throw her over your left shoulder?
- **c)** Thank God?
- **d)** Put her in a cellar?
- **e)** Think she'd make a nice lampstand?
- **f)** Hide thyself up a mountain and come over all biblical?

5. It is your day off. You wake at six. You repair the alarm clock, mow the lawn, clean the car, paint the hall, do the shopping, wash the dog, feed the goldfish, dice the carrots, pay the butcher, bath the kids, watch the telly, take the tablets, cook the supper, repair the alarm clock – again! And hit the sack about midnight. You've just managed to forget the overdraft and grab the z's when the wife wakes you up to say she thinks the excitement's gone out of your marriage. Do you:
- **a)** Meekly agree?
- **b)** Offer to take her on the dodgems?
- **c)** Offer to put a wasp down her nightie?
- **d)** Offer to throw her out of the window?
- **e)** Tell her it went for you when she fired the au pair?
- **f)** Think Japanese aftershave and see-through pyjamas should be enough for any woman?

6. After an unusually quiet evening in front of the fire with a good bottle, you are just beginning to regain consciousness when your wife returns from her night out and tells you she's got the seven-year itch. Do you:
- **a)** Slap her heartily on the back?
- **b)** Slap her heartily in the mouth?
- **c)** Ask her why she didn't say something sooner?
- **d)** Tell her it's a bit late to start watching Marilyn Monroe videos?
- **e)** Tell her that's her own affair?
- **f)** Tell her she was a fool to buy her knickers at the Oxfam shop?

How did you score?

a0 b80 c20 d200 e40 f160

0-50 *You think marital fidelity is a Spanish violinist. The only ring you'll ever get on your finger will be crusty and white and smell like fish.*

60-100 *Your marriage is nothing if not consistent. You knelt to propose, you knelt at the altar, and you've been on your knees ever since.*

110-150 *The last time you wore the trousers at your house was when you went to a fancy dress party – as a transvestite. You're craven, hen-pecked and cuckolded. And you're reading this magazine without your wife's permission. There's hope for you yet.*

160-200 *To you, marriage is not a word, but a sentence. The closest you'll ever get to a happy couple is looking down the front of Samantha Fox's dress.*

210-250 *You met your wife at a disco. Which came as a bit of a shock, because you thought she was at home minding the kids.*

260-300 *If marriages are made in Heaven, God seems to have knocked yours up late one Friday afternoon. Take it back and ask for a refund.*

310-350 *You entered into marriage with both eyes closed. Her father closed one and her brother closed the other.*

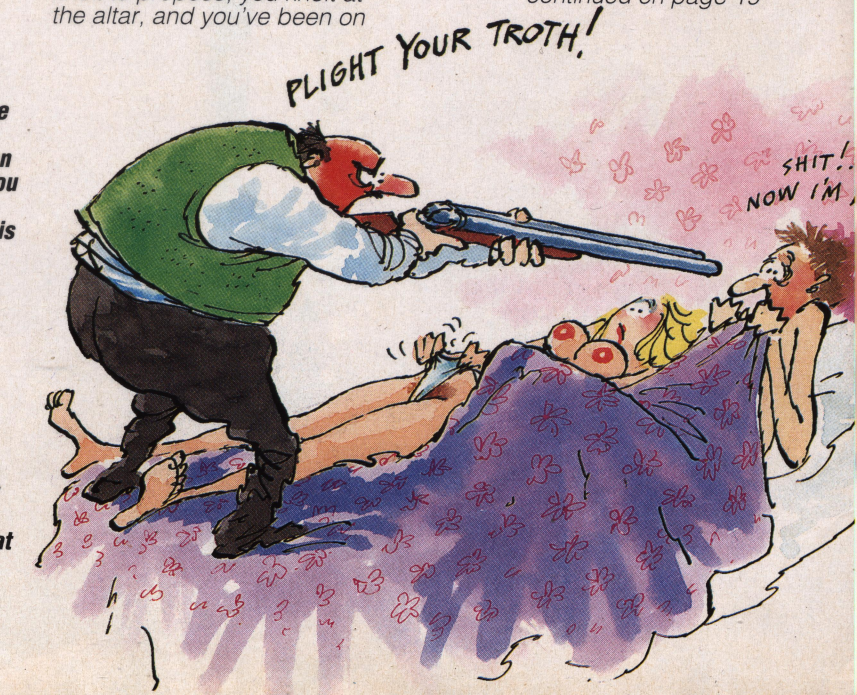
360-400 *Your idea of good family entertainment is incest. When you're not turning your back on major natural disasters, you spend your time gettig drunk in a cave. Your wife's an old salt. And your depraved daughters are both unwed with child. Generally, you're a bad Lot.*

410-450 *You think being master in your own home means making your own mind up which apron to wear when you're told to do the washing-up.*

460-500 *You're the sort of husband who knows what it means to come home to a wife who shows him a little love, a little understanding, and a little tenderness. Right – it means you're in the wrong house.*

510-550 *You're decidedly anti-marriage. You prefer to avoid all the angst, expense and responsibility, and experience the carefree joys of*

continued on page 19



continued from page 4

George couldn't get it out. I dare not go to my doctor. So I ended up in a nasty clinic, with my legs over the stirrups of a gynaecological couch and a machine opening my pussy. All with three spotty medical students looking up my very private passages and grinning.

Actually, writing that down makes me feel rather hot, but I hated it at the time. Really.

So, ladies, take my tip and check your cock before you let it past your lips.

It may even help save your marriage.

H.M.,
Weybridge.

I believe that it helps to have one's husband's name written on his forehead in indelible ink – Ed.

"Sorry – I usually aim to please."

Wife-Swap

Sir: Last September my husband and I arranged to go on a long weekend, walking with our two best friends, Susan and Mark. We rented a cottage in the Lake District so that we would have a 'home base'. We arrived Friday evening. Early Saturday morning we packed our rucksacks, put on our boots and set off on the route we had planned. It was a beautiful day, and before long the sun was high overhead in a clear blue sky. The deciduous trees were at the beginning of their autumn glory, the leaves just starting to change colour and drop.

The walk (we covered about 20 miles), was exhausting but wonderful. We collapsed back at the cottage at around five o'clock. Susan and I made us all something to eat while Sam and Mark struggled to get a good fire burning in the fireplace in the sitting room. Susan and I laughed as we heard them swearing that they would never again complain about having to pay a gas bill!

continued on page 34

ALLIE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DONALD MILNE

A nd the door to your hotel room opens to let the top-heavy chambermaid sneak through. Seemingly unaware of your lump in the bed, she slowly strips down to stockings and suspenders, sees you and leaps into your arms. That's how it happens in the stories. In real life (36-22-36) Allie works in a small hotel in the Midlands and never dresses like this. Unfair, innit?

Shirley and Ron

Michelle and Jeffrey

Sharon and Michael

Jane and Trevor

Marion and Terry

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Postcode ______
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Religion ______

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Serious ☐
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Romantic ☐
Fashionwise ☐
Practical ☐
Conventional ☐
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3. Tick ✓ those activities you enjoy, put an ✗ against those you dislike, and leave blank those where you have no preference.

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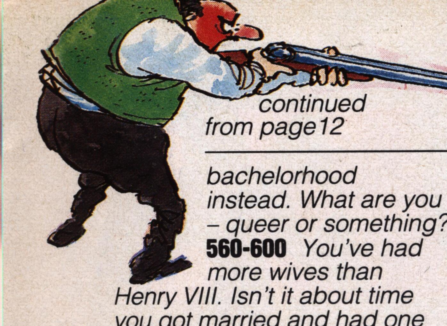

continued from page 12

bachelorhood instead. What are you – queer or something?
560-600 *You've had more wives than Henry VIII. Isn't it about time you got married and had one of your own?*
610-650 *You and your wife are about as close as Neptune. You talk less than Trappist monks. And you've had more fights than Henry Cooper. In fact, the only thing you've got in common is that you were both married on the same day.*
660-700 *Your idea of tying the knot involves a powerful grip, your wife's neck and a strong alibi.*
710-750 *You find it hard to talk to your wife. This may be due to some deep psychological misogynous block, but it is more likely to be because she ran off with a lobster fisherman from Peru in 1973.*
760-800 *Your recipe for a happy marriage is a romantic meal in a quiet restaurant twice a week: you go Tuesdays, she goes Thursdays.*
810-850 *You think a spouse is a vulgar, loud-mouthed person from Liverpool. You're being dangerously naïve. They're not all from Liverpool.*
860-900 *You're an admirable husband. You've devoted your entire married life to the search for happiness, contentment and mutual accord. In your case, you'll find it at the solicitor's, and it's called divorce.*
910-1000 *You're that rare and paradoxical specimen: a happily married man. You don't argue, you don't disagree, you don't yell. You're satisfied, fulfilled, well off and well fed. But look, it's been 15 years: don't you think it's time you went home now?*
1010-1200 *What is it with you – you addicted to wedding cake or something?*

F U T I L E · S E X

BELLY BUTTONS

For want of a quid the whores were lost; for want of the whore's, the cherry wasn't lost. And all for the want of a quid.

I suppose in a previous age my friend Damon Blipp would have been called an exquisite. He has always been exceptionally good-looking in a Grecian sort of way, blond and with small, neat ears tethered well back on a graciously sculpted head. He often gives the impression of having just stepped out of the frieze on an Etruscan urn.

His brother Edgar, on the other hand, is a tall, gawky fellow with a ravenous lust and inability to conceal it. He goes round the landscape with eyes glowing as red as a bagnio lantern, and nose like the stem of a medium-sized tanker, sniffing for temporary sexual trophies. But his efforts seldom have done him much good.

Over a drink recently, Blipp reminisced about his early days. He said . . .

I remember vividly our first trip to the overseas fleshpots together. I was about 17, and Edgar 18. He was a virgin but I wasn't. I couldn't let him know or envy would have killed him. She was a Shepherd Market wench. When she said "How's that?" when I came, I nearly answered LBW.

As we flew in over Tangier, Edgar was stretching his long neck and twisting his head at impossible angles to take in any specialities that might be on offer, such as a troupe of heliographing tarts signalling to the incoming Pegasus from the roof-tops by waggling their ragtime bottoms.

"I wonder which window she's watching from . . .," Edgar muttered, as we touched down with a surprised shriek of tyres.

"Who?" I asked.

"My belly-dancer, idiot. I think that tomorrow I might be lying with her in my arms behind one of those windows."

I looked round at the seat behind, in which mum and dad were sitting. I hardly thought that they would be prepared to aid and abet their children in any sexual endeavour, and Edgar was glowing with lust.

"I don't think dad's theories of sexual education will be all that flexible," I told him. "Mum's much more likely to understand, but dad wouldn't."

Our hotel room was pretty spacious, with a pleasant view of the sea and a few moody horses attached to gharries mumbling their lips and evidently exchanging the equine time of day with each other. There was a bidet in the bathroom, which was decorated in pink with thick towels. Edgar and I hadn't, I'm afraid, seen a bidet before, and debated what it was.

Edgar thought it was an Arab version of a stomach pump to help with the rich food we might be eating. I told him that was nonsense, and that I thought it was for washing one's feet.

"Nonsense," said Edgar. "Why should they put something like that in here for you to wash your sweaty hooves in? Anyway, let's plot what we're going to do about belly dancers," he went on, his Adam's apple bouncing like the weight on a try-your-strength machine. "We must work out something about the accommodation."

"Seems pretty comfortable to me," I replied.

"No, you idiot. We need to establish some sort of time-table. I don't want you about ogling the goings-on when I bring up some rabid little enchantress to be pleasured." He drew himself up like a demented stick insect.

"Why couldn't we arrange some sort of signal? Whichever one of us is astride could leave a piece of string or something attached to the outer door handle," I suggested.

"What's wrong with a 'do not disturb' sign?" Edgar asked sarcastically. "What we really need is an extra room."

"Well, why not ask dad to book a suite for us? 'Dad, dear', I mimicked, 'could we have screwing space, please? We'll be discreet about it?"

"Bah!" Edgar replied illuminatingly. His mind darted on to another tack.

"Of course, we'll need a packet of condoms and some prophylactic cream."

"Trust you to debase romance to the level of a patrol into enemy territory," I said.

Edgar glared at me. "I don't believe in taking chances," he said, as if he'd been mounting maidens since he was five, and always did it with a pharmacy to hand. "Then we'd better tip the concierge. I think 50 pence should do the trick."

"Doesn't seem much," I said.

"Well, we have to take into account their standard of living. I expect 50 pence is untold wealth to them," he added hopefully.

The chap wasn't exactly ecstatic with Edgar's contribution to his standard of living, but he did tell us where belly-dancers were to be found, at a place called the Club de l'Oncle, just round the corner from the hotel. He was a big, Nubian chap, with a white smile and a hand that fell open as if it had just died.

I nudged Edgar and he reluctantly put another few pence into it – about half a dhirhan. The hand snapped shut like a Venus Flytrap on a bluebottle, and we were on our way. Mum and dad had considerately crawled off to have tea with a countess on the outskirts of the city.

We went into the club, which was dark and smelled of mint tea. We sat on cushions and looked at a couple of chaps who looked English tugging at a chicken roosting on a couple of tons of maize at the next table.

"Cous-cous," one of them said, a rangy fella with a hint of lipstick and a ravaged face.

"I beg your pardon?" Edgar said a bit frostily.

"Cous-cous, one of the national dishes," he said. He tried to tear off more chicken. "It's got a tough arse," he told us, "but then in Morocco you have to have, and I should know."

Edgar muttered something uncomplimentary under his breath, the waiter came back with more mint tea. As my French was better than Edgar's, he told me to get on with it before we became water-logged.

"Nous voulons une jeune fille," I told the waiter.

"Deux," added Edgar.

"Oh, are you looking for a girl?" asked our chicken-tearing compatriot with an air of disappointment.

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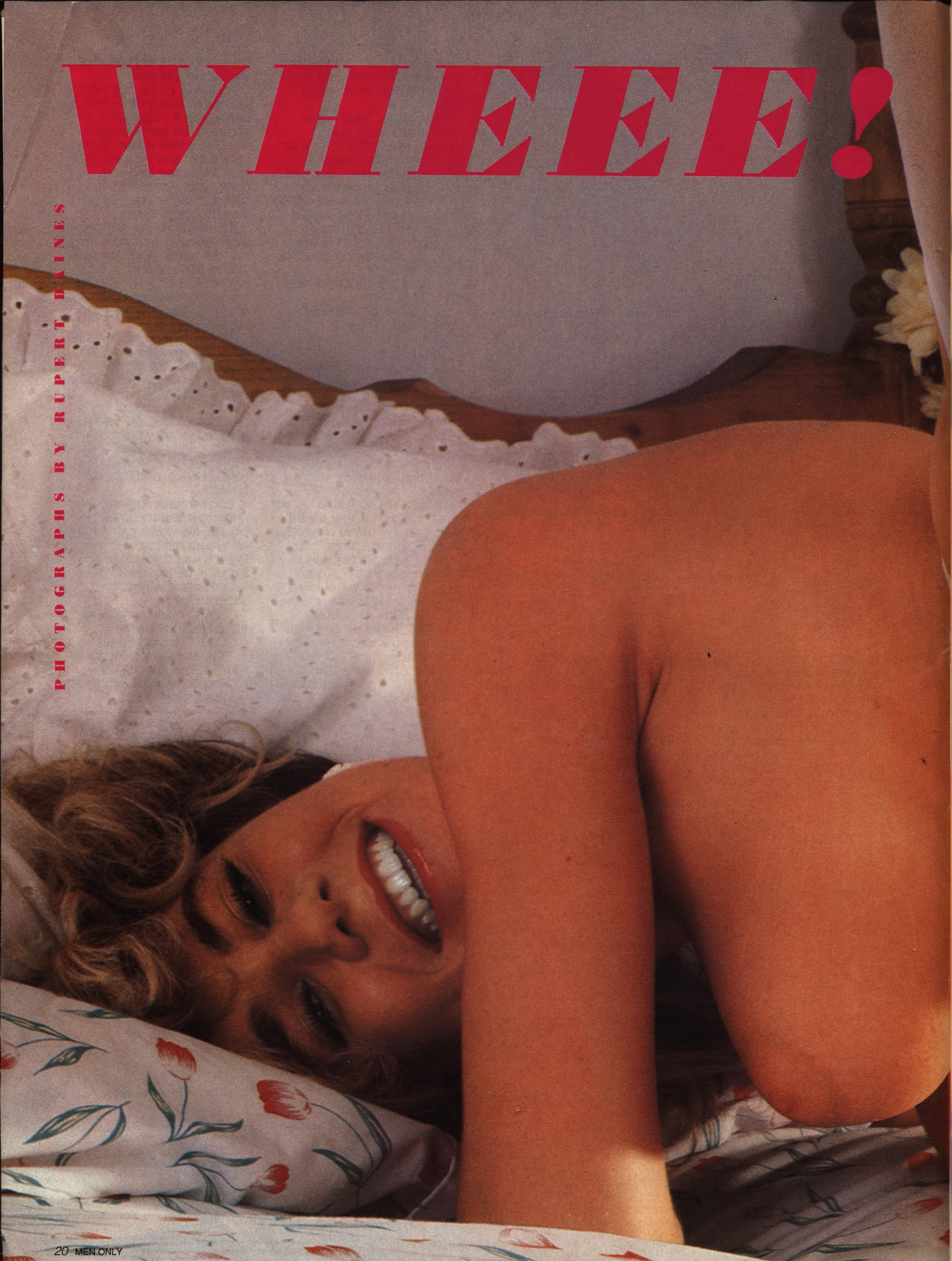
WHEEE!

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RUPERT BAINES



What do you expect a teacher to do these days? No books, no visual aids, a blackboard (but no chalk). She's got to get her pupils' attention somehow. Deb is a very dedicated teacher (no, not of biology – limp coincidences like that only happen in The Sun). She teaches Gym for a living (and Jim for a hobby). Very fit, very happy, very 36-23-36 and full of amazing talents. She handsprings out of bed, is amazing on the mat and a genius on the trapeze. "I'm one of the few girls who can take a flying bonk at herself!" she giggles. But she keeps Gym out of bed. Prefers Jim.

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"Yes," snarled Edgar.

"No need to flash your eyes at me," came the pained answer. "Rudolfo and I have been married for years." He squeezed his friend's hand so hard that a piece of chicken flew out of it and landed in Edgar's tea.

The waiter told us he understood our request and a couple of minutes later two girls came in and chatted for a moment on a small stage. Three men with pipes and a drum came in, too.

"You can see some marvellous boy dancers at the Café Ketir," came the information from the next table.

Neither of us replied. The dancing had started, a sinuous, mouth-drying affair it was, too. The girls came over to our table when it was over. One had a wall-eye and sat on Edgar's lap, and the other, who was gorgeous, sat on mine.

"Let's swap," hissed Edgar. I pretended not to hear and Talou, which was his girl's name, reached down and began to massage away his discontent under the table. One eye was affectionately fixed on his, but the other was looking at me.

"Don't judge from appearances, dear," said our friend at the next table. "Talou has the reputation of being the best fuck in Tangier. Heaps of my less normal friends have told me so."

Edgar looked outraged, Tamara, my girl, flicked her tongue along the side of my nose and turned my lap into a swiftly-rising rocket. She followed up with a garlic-scented kiss that would have prostrated a camel.

"My God, it's like putting one's tongue into a Hoover," Edgar sighed, when Talou had finished kissing him for five seconds in order to eat a sweetmeat.

"For a girl she kisses handsomely," came a voice from the next table." It looks as though you boys are in for a busy afernoon. Don't forget to tip the porter at your hotel."

"We've already done that," Edgar said loftily.

"Well, pardon me, I didn't realise you boys were so experienced," he replied and, holding Rudolfo's hand tightly, our English friend pushed off.

"What a creep. Now for God's sake let's get back to the hotel!" Edgar said to me. Both of us were pretty impatient, I must admit.

Unfortunately, there was another porter on duty, and he was even bigger than the first.

When we tried to walk nonchalantly past him, he started to gabble at us and the girls gabbled back, with the result that a pitched battle developed between him and our lights of love in the hotel lobby.

There were several English people on hand, but we couldn't exactly ask for assistance. "Help! He's slinging our concubines into the street!" would only have made them gape. As it was, an elderly couple who looked as though they'd both held high commissioned rank in the army were muttering. "Disgraceful!

O · N · T · H · E · G · A · M · E

PERSONAL PRATKIT

Here's your super-zappo guide to being appalling, by the leading expert who will shortly get flung down the lift shaft.

Ever get the feeling you're not a 100 per cent success? Suspect you don't quite match up to the fearless, sleek example of masculine invincibility you see on the TV razor adverts? Short of a few quid at the weekends? Stains on your underpants? Giggled at by schoolchildren?

You know what your trouble is, don't you? You're a woman. Well, either that, or you're being too damned nice to people. Life's not fair; why should you be? If you're ever going to make something of yourself, you gotta wise up, get feisty, and start talking like they do in the movies, kid.

Spitting on pavements and sneering at the vicar just ain't enough. We're talking real nasty here: pushing to the front of bus queues, hiding cockroaches under café tables, directing lorry drivers down cul-de-sacs, tipping soup over surly waitresses – and that's just for starters . . .

NEIGHBOURS

You can be as detestable as you like to some people and get absolutely no satisfaction out of it at all. They ignore you, turn the other cheek, look the other way. Quite simply, they don't give a bugger. Neighbours are different.

You only have to strike a match in a following wind and they start coughing and spluttering and accuse you of smoke-bombing their washing-line. They've got eyes like paranoid falcons and noses longer than your Access statement. But the most remarkable feature about this strange bionic race is that large pair of round, pink, floppy things that dangle down round their knees. In normal people, we call them ears. In neighbours, they're a kind of cross between sonic vacuum cleaners and radio telescopes.

The average human animal is able to see, smell and touch an erection happening. Neighbours are the only life form on Earth that can actually hear it. On a good day, you can't cough, scratch, wheeze, sneeze, sniff, hawk, burp or break wind without them knowing about it. In full living stereo. It can be embarrrassing if you're the sort of person who likes to cough, scratch, wheeze, sneeze, sniff, hawk, burp and break wind a lot. And let's be honest, who isn't?

Even worse, neighbours show an unhealthy tendency to live next door to you.

Clearly, they've got to be taught a lesson. Napalming is too good for them. Lynching lowers the tone of the neighbourhood, and you'd probably never get the rope over their ears, anyway. What you need is something that's both subtle and savage, discreet and devastating. Yes, you need . . . a mole. OK, OK! It's harsh and it's drastic and it's almost too horrible to contemplate. But it's also small and furry and it fucks them up a treat. Sounds like a cunt? It is. A single mole released in your neighbours' back garden can wreak more havoc than a herd of rogue JCB drivers. Married moles are even worse.

Obviously, such dangerous weapons are not available in the shops – you have to get them from a mole order catalogue. But when you sit back on Sunday afternoons to watch the little rascals slowly turning your neighbours' finely manicured lawn into a scene from The Great Escape, it's well worth the wait. If you're the impatient type, half a ton of hard-core tossed over the adjoining fence will help the transformation. But this can be costly – particularly if you use the Swedish variety, and in most cases you'll just be making a mountain out of a molehill.

BRIDES

Is it any wonder so many marriages break up? There she is, on the day of her wedding: new frock, gold ring, cake, pressies, expensive curls, simpering guests, food laid on, nice veil to hide her pimples. Everyone's smiling. Everywhere's spotless. Everything's super. Compared to that, marriage has just got to be a flop. So, to save the poor girl all that post-nuptial disappointment, it's only fair that someone should be as cruel and callous to her as possible on her wedding day. And who better than you, you black-hearted cad? Look on it as doing the bride a favour – but, er, try to express it a little differently if you mention it to her brother.

Where do you start, then? Well, it really doesn't matter. A bride gets upset over the tiniest thing on her wedding day – as many a bridegroom has discovered on his wedding night. Even something as silly as salmonella poisoning in the potted beef sandwiches is enough to send her boomeranging back to mum in a veil of tears. So major catastrophes like criticism of the seating plan or failure to climax at the sight of the

Disgraceful!" to each other.
The manager came hurrying along, pushing everyone aside like Moses having a crack at the Red Sea, and we ran for it as the girls were ejected. I've never been so relieved as the lift doors closed behind us, but later, of course, there was a pretty strong sense of loss.
And all because Edgar was too mean to tip two porters . . .
When mum and dad returned and asked what we had been doing, it was a reluctant truth when we said we hadn't done much.
We had more luck the following day, but that's another story.
With that, he gave Blipp a reminiscent smile, and I mentally inscribed Tangier on my holiday list. There would be a handsome subsidy for hotel porters./Halter Warris.

---

bridesmaids' dresses is sure to have her laid up in hospital with acute shock for weeks.
There are, however, personal risks involved here. Gratuitous honesty is not the sort of thing people expect at a wedding, and it's possible that some of the guests will see your behaviour in an extremely poor light. But if you bite back the mortal insults long enough, they'll be so legless they won't be able to see anything in any sort of light. And you can then be as rude and thoughtless as you wish with complete impunity – which, when you get down to it, is precisely what marriage is all about.

DOGS

Attila the Hun was a man centuries ahead of his time. A kind of prototype Japanese businessman, he swept unczeched through Europe, and even had the gaul to hack into imperialist Fifth Century France. He brought fear and sorrow to thousands and his name was reviled throughout the western world. If they'd had such things in those days, he'd have been running half a dozen TV channels and a couple of national dailies.
But even this bloodthirsty vicious young tearaway never quite attained the Peke of evil. Burghers, serfs, tinkers, minstrels, princesses, nuns – Attila wasn't very nice to any of them. But when it came to undeniably the most irksome creature known to man, he was always the perfect gent: he never once kicked a dog. It was his one tragic flaw.
In developing your own demonic image, you can learn from Attila the Hun's mistake. First, find your dog. It won't be easy. At night, most of them lie by the fire, watching the Winalot ads on the box. During

continued on page 33

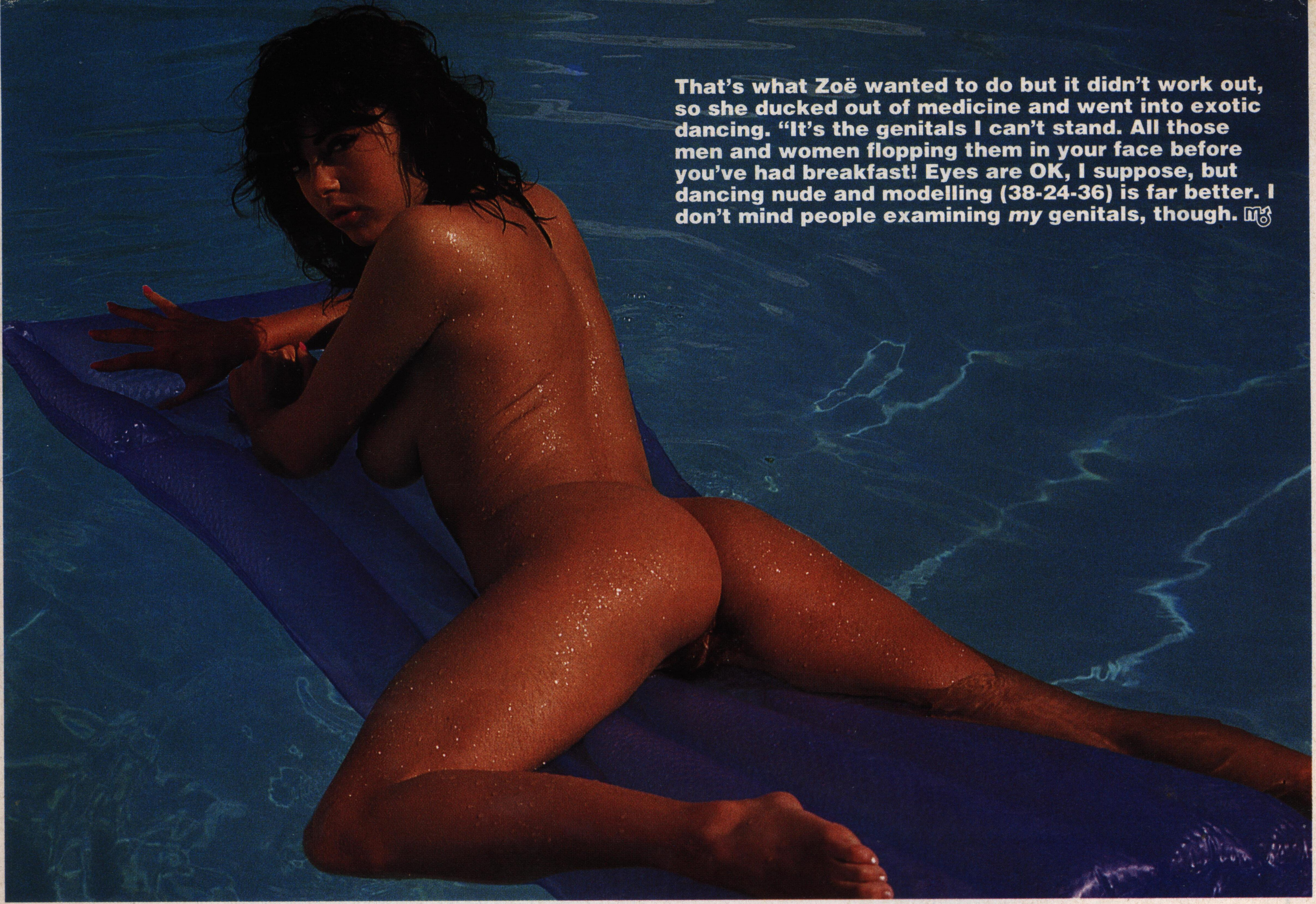
ZOË

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHRIS THOMPSON

E

It's tough being a doctor if you don't much like the human body. But, if you're lucky, you can always switch into a speciality which is relatively tasteful – like eyes, for example.

That's what Zoë wanted to do but it didn't work out, so she ducked out of medicine and went into exotic dancing. "It's the genitals I can't stand. All those men and women flopping them in your face before you've had breakfast! Eyes are OK, I suppose, but dancing nude and modelling (38-24-36) is far better. I don't mind people examining *my* genitals, though.



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continued from page 27

the day, they chain a personal bodyguard to their neck and go out booby-trapping the surrounding pavements to deter potential trackers. It's almost as if they know you're out to get them. There is, however, one way to penetrate their defence. It means becoming undeniably the second most irksome creature known to man – a visitor. But when you're going to the dogs, things are bound to get a little ruff.

Something comes over a dog when a visitor enters its domain – if the dog is not interrupted, something comes over the visitor, too. It's a canine variant of the syndrome suffered by pubescent girls. Veterinary surgeons call it leg-envy; visitors have their own name for it.

The problem is, dogs have only got four legs, and when someone comes into their home with two more, they grow excited and begin formulating a subtle plot to snaffle one of them. Subtle, to the average dog, means waiting until the visitor is comfortably settee'd with a cup of tea in one hand and 17 scones in the other, then yomping across and attempting to yank the chosen leg off by sheer force and dogged persistence.

It's a frightful nuisance, but you've got to admire the mutt's optimism. What a wag, eh? As futile as it seems, though, this proclivity may be put to good use in your campaign to shake off the Mr. Nice Guy tag.

Electrodes have long been employed to shape and control human behaviour. They're tiny conductors which deliver electric charges to sensitive parts of the body. Normally, they're attached to the victim. When the victim is a dog, they should be reversed and attached with sticky-backed plastic to yourself. Specifically, to your leg.

Electrodes come in boxes of 50. You can buy them individually; and 49 should be sufficient in most instances. Obviously, if there are a lot of dogs, you'll have to get the whole pack. Site the electrodes strategically about your lower leg, avoiding the hairs, and run a connecting wire to a standard 13 amp plug. Secure this in the mains socket of your prey's house as soon as possible after arrival. No matter how *grrr*eat the provocation, do not be tempted to insert it as far as it will go into the posterior of the dog in question. This ruins the element of anticipatory fun in the sport, and makes a bloody offal mess of your plug. And the dog will probably enjoy it.

Merely sit quietly, clear of obstructions, making no secret of the fact that you have a spare leg, and wait. It's like fishing, without the uncertainty. The first indication of a bite will be a faint tugging below the knee and a frantic spongy nose hoovering your groin. The second will be a sound rather like lightning striking 3,000 wet bees wrapped in baco foil. It might seem like more. There will be a distinct aroma of Chinese restaurant, swiftly followed by large pieces of charcoal-coloured dog fizzing smokily through the air.

At this point, it's quite possible the mutt will be looking a little shocked. If, for the sake of its grieving domesticated servants, you can appear mildly surprised, too, this will save a lot of awkward questions later. What's more, you'll be a happy, satisfied, successful, underhand, unprincipled, ill-mannered, mean, calculating, cold-blooded, despicable bastard. And you'll have passed your test of survival in the modern world with frying collars./*Percival Crud.*

BRRM • • BRRM!

UP ROADWORTHS

While they're all playing one-up games with their flash Ferraris, some of us are getting it ten times in a clapped-out Dormobile!

The bloke next door to me drives a Zephyr Six. One of those Bill Haley jobs with big fins and more chrome than a surgical instruments catalogue. It's got two-tone horns, two-tone rust and moss round the windows. And the engine sounds like he's dragging a load of tin cans around behind it. People wave because they think he's just got married.

The old dear on the other side drives a Skoda. She has my deepest sympathy. But she is old and she is a she, so maybe we can let her off. And besides, if anyone else asks me what you call a Skoda with a flat tyre, I'll slit their throat.

Other cars in my street include a Hillman Avenger, a Ford Cortina 1600E, a couple of slant-eyed bits of Jap import and a Triumph Toledo. Though to be honest, the Toledo is buried to the axles in Number 26's front garden, so perhaps it doesn't count.

Our esteemed Editor, on the other hand, has counted no less than three Ferraris in his road. There's a Porsche or two, a couple of upmarket Fords, a Luftwaffe of Mercedes and a knackered Saab. I needn't add whose the Saab is.

I know what you're thinking at this point . . . What has all this got to do with the important things in life? You know, things like what Boy George gets up to in private?

Bugger all, of course.

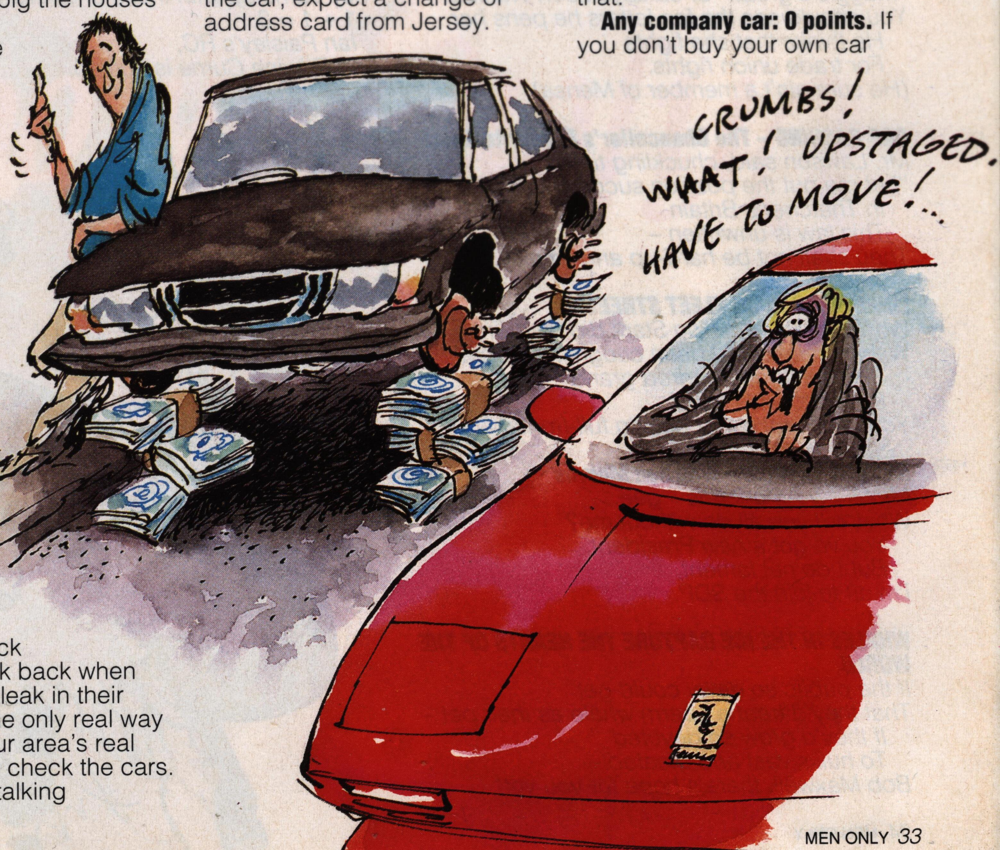
But it does tell you what sort of neighbourhood you live in. No matter how big the houses are, how many gnomes they've got, or how quick the curtains flick back when you're taking a leak in their front garden, the only real way of checking your area's real wad factor is to check the cars. After all, we're talking isposable income here. To elp you classify your area in rder of wadability, we've devised a points system. The rules are simple. List all the cars in your road, do not include your own and allot points according to the following list.

Ferrari. Any model: 10 points. Ferraris = wad. I mean, you've got to sell both your medallions to afford even the poxiest version these days. Yet they count as a smart investment as prices are going up faster than an MP's boxer shorts at a whorehouse raid. If they sell the car, expect a change of address card from Jersey.

Any other bit of exotic Eyetie tackle: 1 point. Very good on the 'I've got loads of money' front, but bleeding dreadful on the 'I won't have any money whatsoever the first time it breaks down' front. Whatever disposable income they might have today, it won't last. Do not lend them any money.

Porsche 911: 6 points. Any other Porsche: 3. I don't want to be élitist about this, but Porsches are like short skirts. If they're not air-cooled at the back, they're not worth a look. The others are water-cooled at the front, but we won't go into that.

Any company car: 0 points. If you don't buy your own car



then you don't count. The amount of tax I pay on mine, I don't think you should even have the vote. These people have got a few quid, but it's all spoken for in double glazing, fitted kitchens and a new roof rack. Like Luxembourg - nul points.

Mercedes 500 series: 7 points. High cash factor, so they could have a few quid. **190 series: 3 points.** But beware, it could be a posh company car. Check for signs of a secret roof rack.

1942 Mercedes SSK: Minus 50 points. More if they wear jackboots.

BMW: Minus 10 points. Company cars don't count anyway. And yuppie ones count even less. If it's one of those new estate jobs, take off another. It means they've got a dog and I hate dogshit.

Saab: 2 points. Again, these people have got a quid or two, but would never own up to it. They rarely buy a drink.

Any convertible: 0 points. Loads of dough, but little sense. Besides, he's the one who honks his horn at your 14-year-old daughter. And she's the one who smiles back.

Any other car: 1 point. These people do get the vote, but they vote Green, which means they don't really like cars anyway, and would rather walk. Which is just as well, because going by the state of their cars, they usually do.

So how did you get on? Check your score on the following table. And take the advice, whatever it costs.

0-5 points. *You live in Basildon. Do not move. You deserve it.*

350 points. *You are the Editor. Do not move.*

348 points. *You are the Editor's next door neighbour. Move.*

346 points. *Good news: You live nowhere near the Editor. Bad news: You live in a very long road in Sweden. Do not move here.*

Minus 50 points. *You are Ronnie Biggs. And your only next door neighbour is Martin Bormann.*

Minus 350 points. *You live in a particularly shitty part of Docklands. Move.*

Mainly C's. *You did the wrong quiz.*

Naimyl C's. *You did the wrong quiz and you're dyslexic./Mortimer Wheeltrim.*

BLAH!

continued from page 13

We all gathered round the lovely open fire to eat our meal and then we opened a couple of bottles of wine to round it off. It was all sheer bliss! We lazed around, feeling relaxed as we gazed into the flames and feeling the worries of everyday life ebbing away. By half past eight I was feeling so drowsy that I decided to go to bed. I said goodnight and left the other three chatting by the fire. As I lay in bed I could hear the murmur of voices coming from downstairs. It was all so peaceful that within minutes I had fallen asleep.

I woke up with a raging thirst, due to the wine. Looking at the clock I saw that it was ten past eleven. I decided that I would go down to the kitchen for a drink of orange juice. I turned towards Sam, and with surprise I saw that he was not there. I remember thinking that he would be in no fit state to tackle the walk we had planned for the next day. I listened to hear any voices coming from downstairs, but all was very quiet, so I thought that Sam must have fallen asleep in front of the fire.

I did not want to walk round the cottage stark naked, so I slipped into the skirt and sweater I had been wearing earlier. I did not bother with underwear, there didn't seem any point.

It was dark as I made my way down the stairs. I could see the flickering of the firelight through the open door of the sitting room. As I got

continued on page 98

P O T R Y · C O R N E R

STANZA YOURSELF

Spot the balls-up – a first for the poet Laurie ate. One of these sort of rhymes and there's another that almost scans (but not quite). This is the sort of obsession with technique that ruined Gerrard Manley Hopkins.

"OUR BUILDINGS ARE BOLLOCKS!" (Prince Charles Speaks Out)

Oh you architects! How I bewail your
Every eyesore and aesthetic failure!
Every nasty, obscene house . . .
Bah! I'm off to the greenhouse.
One fancies a chat with a dahlia.

MRS. THATCHER COMES TOP OF THE POLES

"Maggie's great!" or so says Lech Walesa.
You should see the fan letters he pens her.
He thinks that she fights
For trade union rights.
(He sure ain't a member of Mensa).

OAP BASHING – The Chancellor's Favourite Sport

Mr. Lawson said, chuckling tinkly,
"Let me put the position succinctly.
In Thatcher's Britain
This law is unwritten –
Thou shalt not be hard-up and wrinkly."

LIBEL SUITS ROCK FLEET STREET!

When the papers Koo Stark did disgruntle
With a claim she'd been caught horizontal,
She got three hundred grand
In her hot little hand.
You can't make that posing full-frontal.

REAGAN RETIRES – A Nation Mourns

My fellow Americans – gee,
What will you all do without me?
You've got a new President,
But I do not lament,
I'm off to join the SDP.

WHALES IN THE ICE CAPTURE THE HEARTS OF THE WORLD

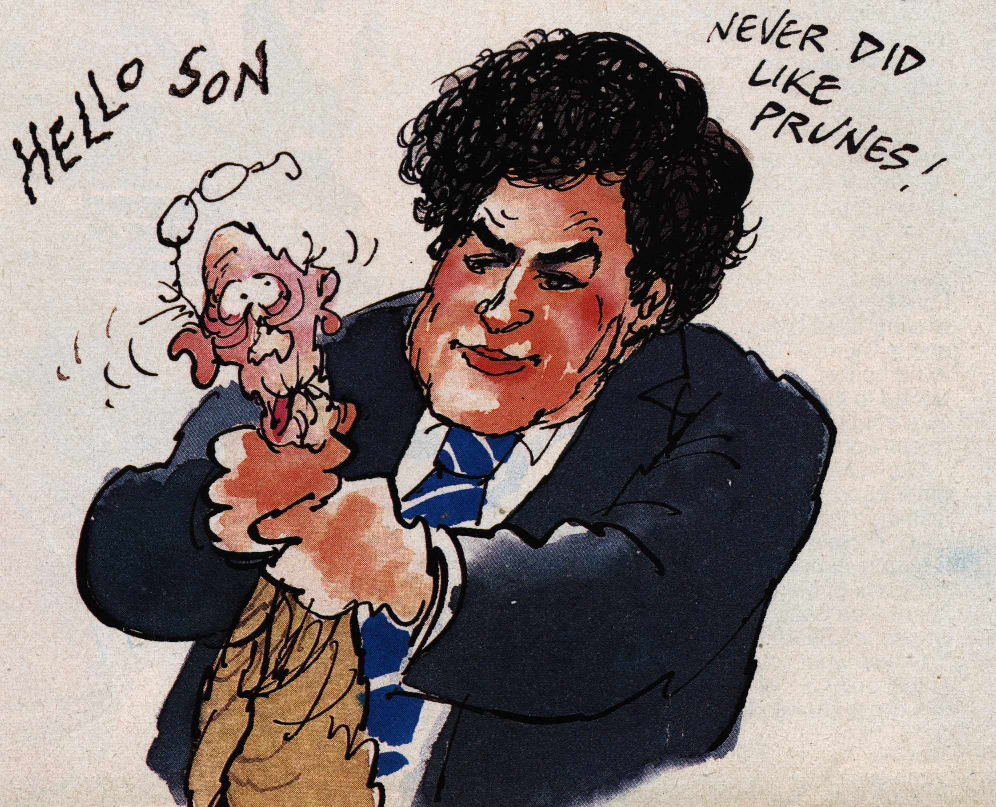
If the public so dewy could get
That they'd treat a sperm whale as their pet –
If they'd grow so devoted
To hulks vast and bloated –
Bob Maxwell, there's hope for you yet!

WHY I DRINK – A Lager Lout Explains

Every night I get tanked up on lager,
Then home to the missus I stagger.
She's a face like a boot –
But I'm pissed as a newt
So there's no way she'll want me to shag her.

MORI QUIZ REVEALS IGNORANCE OF BRITISH PUBLIC

Half those questioned just hadn't a clue, man.
They came up with these answers – it's true, man! –
1 + 1 = 3,
Ian Paisley's RC,
And Edwina Currie is human.



JENNY

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOANIE ALLUM

Jenny (38-24-36) is the sort of girl you would cheerfully give your wife for, which is the reason Joanie took the pictures. Most of the time wives don't mind us fooling around with slightly naked young women, but when someone like Jenny comes along they start to worry. You find your Y-fronts starched and garlic essence in the roll-on deodorant – things like that. Simply because she is that sort of girl who makes strong men want to take her away and look after her. Weak, ineffectual men, too, which is what really worries the potential ex-wives . . .

it's a funny ole game, innit?

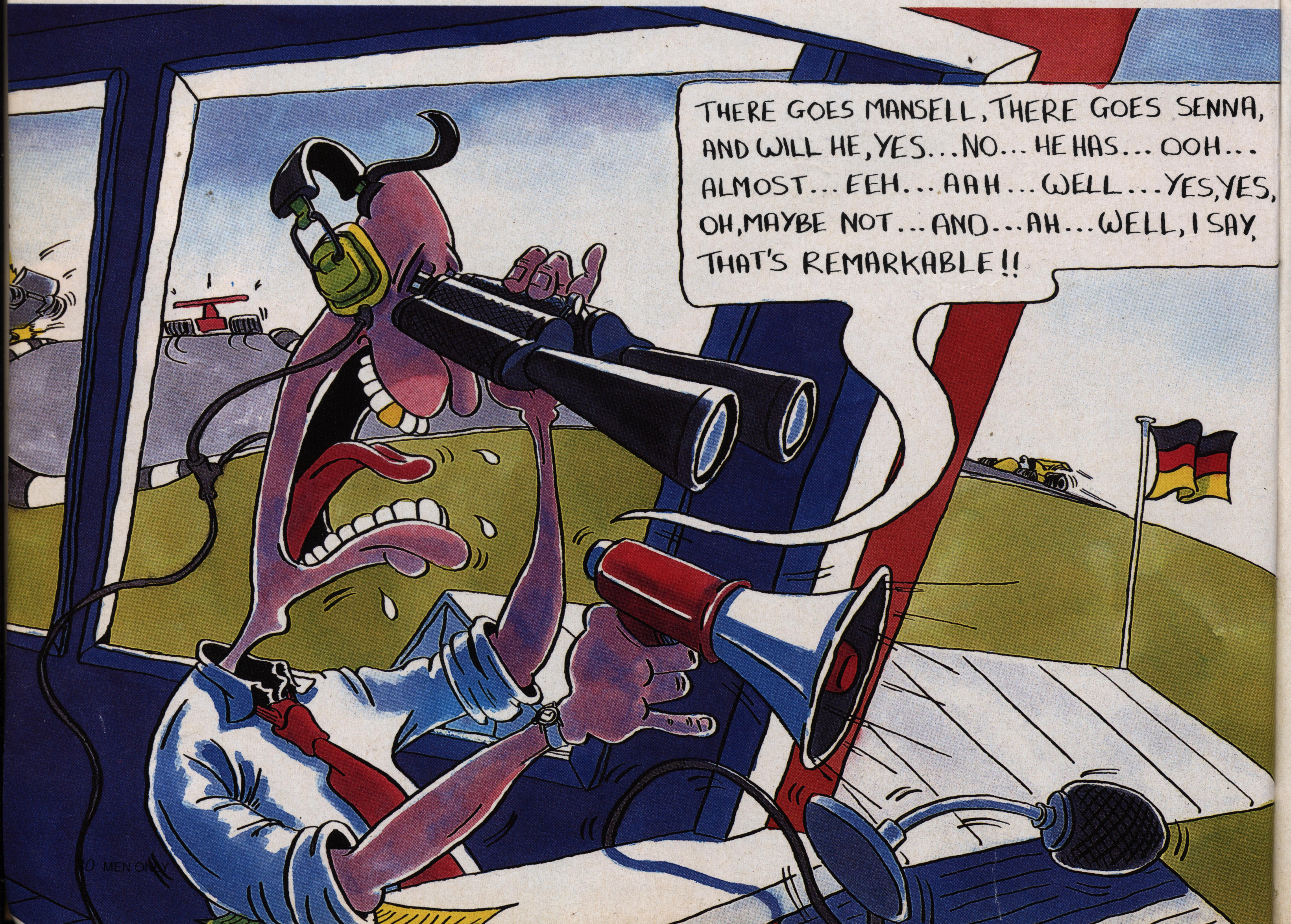
Clench your eyeballs, tense your tonsils, tighten up those sphincters and take a shot of steroids. Yeah, it's time to try your hand at being a typical TV sports commentator, innit, Harry? Like, basically, there you are, jibbering away like a monkey with its arse on fire – you can edit that out, Julian, cantcha? – and you done good. Real good. Be fair. You done great! Dintcha? Course you did. But, basically, you know, at the end of the whatsit, all you done is tell half a squillion viewers what they could see perfectly well with their own mince pies. Innit?

It's a funny ole game. But the pay's OK, know what I mean? And you can turn up for work in your gardening trousers, so you don't need to bother when Arsenal serve a six and you spill another scalding plastic cup of scalding plastic tea over them. Unless you're worried about first-degree burns on your naughty bits – but you can always edit those out, cantcha, Julian? So, like, why not, grab your mike – and your Julian – and get on out there, and give it a go, like? I mean, be fair, you can't do worse than me. Canya?

BOXING

TECHNIQUE: Of course, you don't have to talk like a brain donor to be a TV sports commentator. But it's clearly an advantage when the participants and the crowd and the officials boast a combined mental age equivalent to that of the girl who shows you the round numbers. Paradoxically, though, the technique of commentary itself must be an extremely subtle affair.

While it's important to infuse your words with all the excitement and aggression of the moment, it's also wise to remember that TV has certain standards of speech, and yelling: "His nose is gurgling out great slobbery lumps of blood"; "Kill the bastard!" or: "There's just a fatty piece of white gristle holding his ear on and I can see bits of brain wobbling about inside his head" – is almost certainly going to breach them. Such expressions are not the sort of thing viewers like to hear while they're watching two human beings beating one another to



a ruptured, gooey, blood-and-snot-spattered purée.

If uncomprisingly blunt descriptions of the traumatised human body are an inalienable part of your technique, then at least try to limit them to the kind of programmes where viewers won't be shocked by severe mortal injury or gratuitous gore. Like medical documentaries. Or children's cartoons.

CONTENT: Boxers come in all shapes and sizes, weights and abilities, stances and styles. But to the boxing commentator, they fall resoundingly into just two categories: British and lucky bastards. So if you're ever hoping to become successful at this game, it's important to spot the Brit early on. Ideally, within about 30 seconds of the start. Any later than that and he'll be flat out on the canvas, and you won't have a prayer of identifying the poor bugger. Not that anyone would be particularly interested then if you did.

STYLE: Punchy.

TECHNICAL JARGON. SOUTHPAW: A boxer who leads with his right. ORTHODOX: A boxer who leads with his left. BRITISH HEAVYWEIGHT: A boxer who leads with his chin.

SUMO WRESTLING

TECHNIQUE: Sumo wrestling commentators need a strong stomach. And a big one. Two big ones for a proper commentary, in fact. Because that's the thing with sumo wrestlers: they might be yellow, but no one can say they haven't got guts. Your commentary, therefore, must take into account the sheer weight and gravity of the occasion. In practice, this means lowering your voice, adopting a sombre tone, and moving your seat back 30 yards in case one of the big fat bastards decides to fall on you.

CONTENT: The problem with sumo wrestling commentaries is that there isn't a problem. There's 50. The holds are unconventional, the moves obscured by tons of flesh, and the rules are exhaustive and complex and almost invariably written in Japanese. Add this to the fact that the names of the competitors take roughly three-quarters of an hour to pronouce – wrongly, and the average bout lasts just 15 seconds (this being the maximum period these pork walls can sustain physical movement without exploding) and you can appreciate that time is of the essence.

What you say and how you say it, therefore, has to be the exact opposite of the wrestlers you're commentating on: namely, little and fast.

Confusing, isn't it? Essentially, though, this means that a typical commentary will sound like an asthmatic conversation at an amnesiacs' home: "And they're – He's – But he's – Can he – ? No – Although – What a – Oops– That's a – Into the semi-finals." If it doesn't sound particularly inspiring, don't worry. As TV sports commentaries go, it's no worse than many. And a damn sight more informative than most.

STYLE: Paunchy.

TECHNICAL JARGON: Forget it. You won't have time.

GRAND PRIX RACING

TECHNIQUE: Formula One commentaries require imagination. For best results, imagine you're trapped on the 18th floor of a burning building; there is a sheep-eating spider crawling up your trouser leg; and you have precisely 30 seconds to attract the attention of a deaf, comatose fireman in the next county before the time bomb in your underpants goes off, turning you and the sheep-eating spider into ingredients for pre-cooked minestrone soup.

CONTENT: It doesn't really matter what you say in a Formula One commentary: with a quarter of a million red-throated spectators and 50,000 decibels of burst-eardrum-power braying in the background, who the hell's going to hear you, anyway?

But to the TV sports commentator, that's not the point. He has to prove he's the man who put the prat in prattle, come what may. If he once stopped yammering to consider who was listening, he'd never open his big gob again.

STYLE: Führerious.

TECHNICAL JARGON. POLE: Where the fastest driver is positioned on the grid at the start. LAP: Where the fastest bimbo is positioned on the winner at the finish. SPIN OFF: An opportunity arising out of a driver's association with fine cars to endorse some totally unrelated commercial product, like a Metro.

CRICKET

TECHNIQUE: The Geneva Convention got on the nerves of many people when it outlawed the Chinese Water Torture. Fortunately for Joe Sadist, there's still the TV cricket commentary. It's not quite as unpredictable as a spot of water torture, but what it lacks in surprise it more than makes up for in monotony and endlessness and sheer unadulterated brain-skewering agony.

And even better, it's dead easy. Even a child could do it. It often sounds as though some of them do. All you've got to do is pretend you're the chronically depressed pregnant unmarried daughter of Presbyterian parents who's just heard that an old and very dear miniature dachshund has been crushed beneath the wheels of a runaway skateboard. And the rest's a piece of crumpet.

If for some disastrous reason you run out of utterly irrelevant things to say, the game of cricket itself may be alluded to briefly, but only in the vaguest manner and only in the past tense: say, Botswanan county matches, pre-1842.

Obviously, there are one or two do and dont's to remember: like do fall asleep occasionally, and don't bother to wake up all that often. But for the most part, it's just a question of turning up before 11 am and following the basic rules – for stroke victims.

Namely: Try not to talk; take as little exercise as possible, particularly of the cerebral variety; avoid all forms of excitement, even when something startling occurs on the pitch – like a sudden dry spell starting play; and, above all, keep your voice firmly and excruciatingly 39 feet below groin-level. The only screaming in a good TV cricket commentary should come from the poor swines on the other side of the set.

CONTENT: Cricket commentaries should range far and wide. In fact, the farther and wider they range from what's actually happening on the field of play, the better. Topics covered may include the excreting habits of frogs, what's for lunch, sex on Radio 3, unemployment in the careers industry, what's for dinner, the Queen Mum, sausages contaminated with food, Ypres, the weather – always a favourite, what's for supper, and the British Government's foreign policy on Powys. If for some disastrous reason you run out of utterly irrelevant things to say, the game of cricket itself may be alluded to briefly, but only in

the vaguest manner and only in the past tense: say, Botswanan county matches, pre-1842. Direct references to current action within a 500-furlong radius of the commentary box is strictly limited to the most exceptional events, to wit England reaching 20 without loss, or the West Indies bringing on a spinner. Referring to the game in any other circumstances just isn't tennis.

STYLE: Menopausal.

TECHNICAL JARGON. APPEAL: What cricket does not hold for 90 per cent of the population. BAILS: delicately balanced wooden cylinders which the bowler tries to knock off. (The match is usually so boring, they drop off by themselves. Just like the crowd.) EDGE: What a TV cricket commentary puts your teeth on. UMPIRE: A man in a white coat. (Not surprisingly, two are considered necessary at most matches.) GOOGLY: Not the kind of ball you'd expect.

BOWLS

TECHNIQUE: Bowls is something paint-drying spectators watch when they need to slow down a bit. As such, it requires a very special kind of commentator. Ideally, a dead one.

Sadly, due to the restrictions of space, and modern health and safety regulations, not everyone attending a bowls competition can be dead; the current ticket allocation is about 80 per cent. And most of these are taken up by the players. Sensible bowls commentators find a way to get round this: they attend the match in a roughly live condition, then just kill themselves later.

Bowls requires a very special kind of commentator. Ideally, a dead one. But if you're sensible you'll find a way to get round this. Many commentators attend the match in a roughly like condition, then just kill themselves later . . .

CONTENT: Coo! it's hard to know where to begin. There's so much going on at a bowls match, isn't there? There's the players, and the bowls, and the grass, and the players, and the bowls – oh! and all those ruthless hooligans being stretchered on to the green at the end of the game. *Phew!* How on earth can one pair of tonsils handle it all?

STYLE: Suicidal.

TECHNICAL JARGON. WOODS: Grainy gnarled old balls. BOWLERS: Grainy gnarled old balls. GREEN: The grass on which the grainy gnarled old balls play. (Readily distinguishable from everything else in the game by the relatively breathtaking speed at which it moves.)

FOOTBALL

TECHNIQUE: Football commentaries speak volumes. Usually volumes of between 500 and 800 decibels. It's sort of traditional and it stems from the early days of soccer when microphones were primitive and scarce, and commentators had to outshoot a loud and omnipotent crowd. Nowadays, it's the microphones which are loud and omnipotent, and the crowds that are primitive and scarce.

As a consequence, modern commentary techniques have become a shade more civilised, but the quaint custom of experiencing a verbal orgasm whenever the ball passes within 90 feet of a crossbar persists. Coming over all unnecessary like this every 12 seconds may seem puerile and a little disconcerting to the casual observer, but in these days of packed defences and empty terraces, it's probably the only way to stop the TV audience turning over. And going back to sleep.

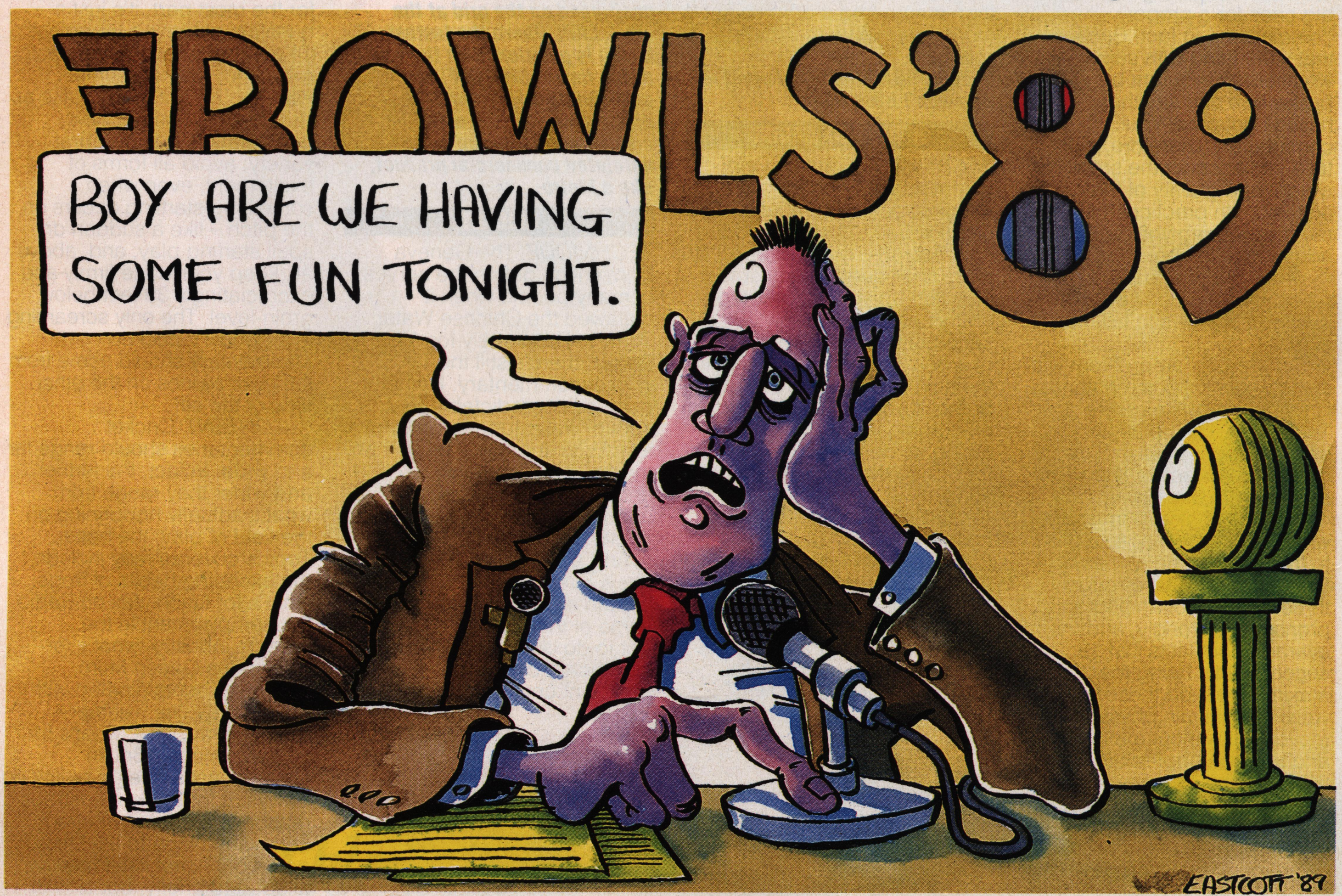
CONTENT: What you've got to remember about footballers is that they're basically a decent bunch of lads who turn out rain or shine every weekend just to watch a good clean punch-up on the terraces. As such, they may be considered wholesome, harmless, and generally inoffensive. Which means they should play little, if any, part in your commentary. Keeping a civil tongue in your head is one thing: giving free publicity to a tedious young ill-educated tick earning double your salary – every minute – is too much to ask of any man.

You might think that eliminating the players from a football commentary detracts somewhat from the interest. You'd be wrong. Most modern players couldn't score in a Bangkok brothel; you'd never miss them.

The wise commentator concentrates instead on the true tension and excitement of the match – the despair, the shocks, the frustration, the anger, the controversy. Or, as he's more commonly known, the referee.

STYLE: Coitus Uninterruptus.

TECHNICAL JARGON. PENALTY AREA: A feared and highly mysterious region in which all sense of fair play unaccountably disappears and attacking forwards suddenly keel over for no apparent reason. (A sort of cross between the Bermuda Triangle and RADA.) SHOT: What half the England team deserve to be. CORNER: The point at which two sides of a defender's head meet. MO



PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOANIE ALLUM

SAMANTHA

The tradition at Raymond Towers is that we only take pictures of girls we like. I mean, there are these girls that look great, but start to whinge after the first half a dozen bottles:
''Am I drunk? If I'm drunk I'll be sick.'' No, no you're not drunk! ''But I feel drunk – *baaarf!*'' And you get those funny objects who arrive on the set and say: ''I didn't know I had to show my front bottom.'' Things

like that. The problem is these girls look great, they appear in other magazines, but somehow we just can't bring ourselves to palm you off with anyone who isn't good for a few laughs, can hold her booze and give as good as she gets.

That doesn't mean some of our girls aren't completely over the top, like Sam (38-22-36). We like them that way. And it seems you do, too.

feels

After a hot day round the pubs of Soho, what better way for a man to relax from the tensions of a busy life than slipping into something cool in the country? Fiction by Howard Lake.

It's a freaked-out pub at the Old Compton Street end of Wardour Street – not a place for the unwary or someone looking for a quiet night out. The blast of music greets you like an old friend as you step past the tattooed biker on the door, and then you're inside with all the other crazies.

Pale, skinny peepshow girls with their rock'n'roll cliché boyfriends, the odd drunks, the spaced out freakos and the bemused tourist who wandered in by mistake.

I headed for the bar and was just in the process of putting my second 1080 to sleep when she caught my arm.

"I like you. I like your face," she said.

"What about my face?"

"I dunno. There's something strange about it – it looks kind of sick and sexy at the same time. It's a nice face."

She was certainly something: an incredible mane of long peroxide hair down to her buttocks; eyes heavily made-up; two ripe, firm breasts jutting dangerously from a lacy bodice – this I could handle – and it wasn't even 9 o'clock yet.

"Come and meet my friends," she said, leaning over a little more, so that I was afforded a better view of her rosy nipples hovering on the borderline between decency and fun and seeming to choose the latter. Her friends? Sure, I'd follow this babe anywhere, even if her friends turned out to be mad, axe-wielding psychos with a definite anti-social bias . . .

Which wasn't too far off the truth. Jez – that turned out to be the peroxided lovely's name – introduced me to what at first appeared to be a set of brick walls, but on closer inspection was revealed to be two guys called Solly and Maggot – nice names, groovy guys. Jez was moving closer to me all the time. I could feel her naked thighs against my jeans and her hand, reaching for her beer, seemed to be brushing my crotch at each opportunity. Under normal circumstances, that wouldn't have been too bad, but there was something in Maggot's eyes that told me he would most certainly disapprove of any kind of liaison between myself and his girl.

"Dave, this is Lena." Jez was drawing my attention away from her luscious mounds and towards a girl standing just behind my right shoulder.

Hastily, I turned to look. I got quite a surprise. Standing behind me was a demure, sweet young thing wearing a cotton print dress. Her hair was dark brown and neatly arranged. She was wearing low-slung staid black shoes instead of the six-inch stilettos that were almost *de rigueur* for the bar. She looked as out of place here as Arnold Schwarzenegger in a Care Bear movie.

"Hi, Lena," I said, trying to conceal my puzzlement. I couldn't figure out what a cutie like her was doing in a place like this.

Nevertheless, I decided that conversation with Lena would be a prudent move. The glances I was getting from Maggot and the attentions of Jez were combining to create a distinct atmosphere around our little cabal.

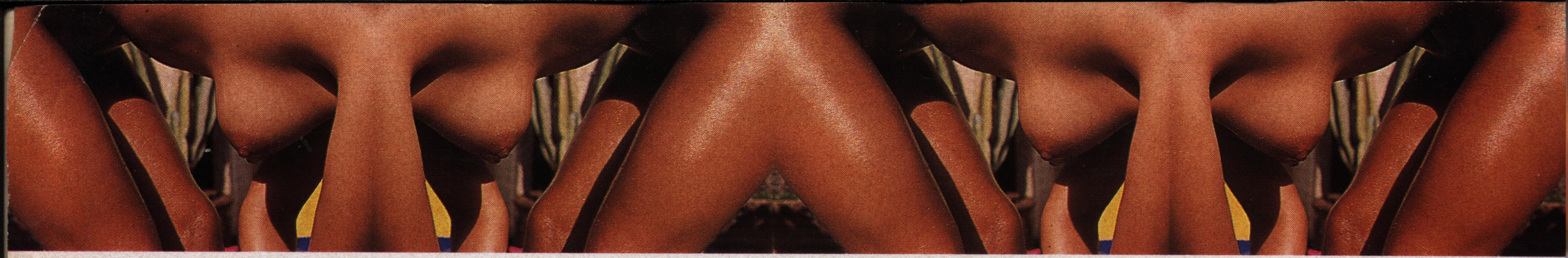
Conversation with Lena turned out to be a dispiriting affair. I tried all my set conversation pieces: trash movies, the semiotic analysis of the lyrics of Motorhead, why Kenny Dalglish should be canonised, but none seemed to strike a chord. Lena just stood there, an orange juice in her immaculate hand, gazing disinterestedly at me as all around us the late-night mayhem was building to a fever pitch.

"Lena? Why do you come here?" I asked.

A bottle smashed into a wall about two feet above my head. Lena looked animated for the first time that evening as I dodged to avoid the shower of broken glass . . .

"I come here for the atmosphere," she said.

By chucking out time I was thoroughly confused, thoroughly fascinated and thoroughly pissed. But I had that dogged refusal to go down for the count, because I wanted to try and figure out Lena. When she moved, there



was a hint of glorious curves there – a well-turned thigh, a rich firm arse, pert tits. Let's be frank, in some weird way I was horny for her. But I couldn't tell whether I was doing well or whether I was a Grade-A prick in her eyes. But Lena was giving nothing away – except the occasional demure smile or shy flicker of the eyes.

I looked over her shoulder to see Jez and the rest of the gang preparing to leave – Lena included.

Jez decided that the next port of call was the café in Kingley Street. We happily agreed and staggered through the dark of Soho, all of us *comme un carton* as the French so prosaically put it – except Lena, who walked behind us in a world of her own, seemingly oblivious to the longing glances that I was so inexpertly sending her.

There was Lena, lying on her back, her hand between her legs, frigging herself for all she was worth.

The café was the same as usual: a quite unbelievable pot-pourri of bikers, gays, transvestites, hookers, strippers and, of course, the obligatory bemused tourist. I reckon they turn them out in some German factory and ship them to Soho as a job lot. Jez used her all-too-obvious charms to commandeer us a table and soon we were on our third coffee and some kind of rationality was returning to us.

I was opposite Lena, watching her as she sipped her coffee with her crooked little finger. By now, I was in a state of blind desire. I *needed* this girl so badly. I was trying so hard, but all I drew was a massive great ZERO. The cool breeze of the streets had done its usual job on a woman and Lena's nipples were standing perkily through the thin material of her dress. I was all too conscious of something stirring in my tight jeans and was grateful that I'd omitted to wear underwear or I could have been in for severe circulation problems. There was just something about Lena – the way she seemed to just ooze sex without even trying, or even thinking about trying. I studied her perfect lips – automatically imagining them sliding slowly around the tip of my cock – the dirty-minded bastard that I am – and trailing down the length of the stiff shaft towards the base and her tongue snaking out to tease my swollen balls, as I . . .

"PARTY!" Jez was hitting me on the head with a salt beef sandwich in order to attract my attention. My vision of Lena vanished, leaving me with nothing more than this raging *thing* in my strides and my tongue hanging out.

"WE'RE GOING TO A PARTY!" screamed Jez happily, her bouncing boobs threatening to give me two black eyes.

"Where?"

"Oh, not far – see the guy over there? That's Justin – he knows. He says he'll take us all in the van."

Justin turned out to be one of those upper-class drop-outs that you run into on nights such as these. He had a dissipated, dreamy manner and a large black Ford Transit parked a couple of streets away.

Our entourage had now swelled considerably with the addition of two strippers, a drag artist, four bikers and a bemused tourist called Jürgen. Off we went, bodies packed into the cosy interior. I had contrived to sit next to Lena, which may or may not have been a good idea as the proximity of her body was causing strange things to happen to my metabolism.

"Where are we?" asked Lena some time later. "We've been driving for ages. Jez said that this party was close."

"I'll look," I said, scrambling to the dirt-encrusted windows of the Transit. I cleared a gap and peered out.

Dawn was coming up over the countryside. It most certainly wasn't London. In fact, I didn't know where the hell it was. Countryside stretched for miles either side of the road. Then I saw a road sign.

YOU ARE NOW ENTERING HAMPSHIRE read the sign. I shrugged and sat beside Lena.

"We're in Hampshire." I tried to make it sound casual.

"What!" Lena scrambled over my legs to see for herself. In her excitement, her skirt became bunched around her waist and so her creamy backside nestled snugly in my crotch, two perfect globes wrapping around my dick, which, naturally, responded as only dicks know how. Lena was wearing black satin panties, all smooth and slinky, and the effect was truly catastrophic – my cock stiffened like a cobra with *rigor mortis*. In my ragged and fevered mind I could almost *hear* the *THWACK!* as my hard-on leapt against my jeans on a collision course with Lena's taut, firm arsecheeks.

There was no way she couldn't notice it – and there was no way that I could stop it.

But Lena affected not to notice. If anything, she seemed to encourage my predicament further, shifting her creamy arse *just slightly*, before returning to her seated position.

"I wonder where we're going," she said absent-mindedly . . .

About half an hour later the question was solved as Justin slammed the van into a 90 degree skid up a long gravel path, throwing the van's unruly cargo all over the place, before eventually grinding to a halt.

We all piled out, blinking in the early morning sunlight. I guessed that it must have been around eight in the morning. When the last thing you remember is the dark Soho streets, it can come as something of a culture shock to find yourself standing in front of what looked like a scaled-down stately home set in so much parkland that it was sickening. The ozone itself was enough to get you stoned.

"It's Daddy's place," crowed Justin, "but he's in The Gulf until next week, so let's have a *PARTY!*"

The idea caught hold like wildfire and we rampaged into the house. Daddy had a well-stocked drinks cabinet and soon I was comfortably ensconced on a luxurious leather sofa, entertaining myself with excerpts from a 20-year-old malt and working out how the hell I could get lucky with Lena.

And where the hell was she? I looked around, but she was nowhere to be seen.

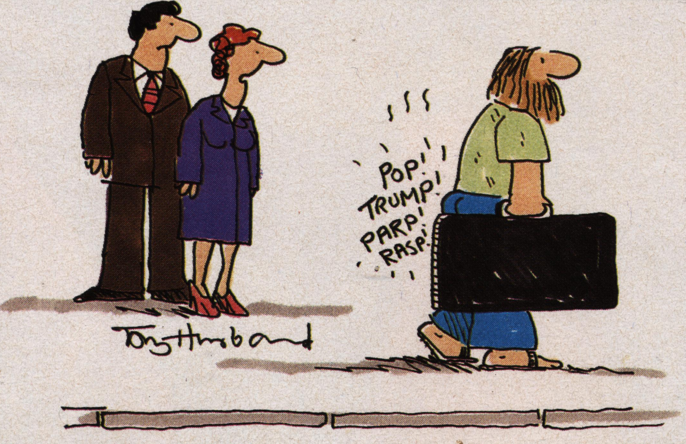
Panic gripped my vitals as I imagined that Lena – my Lena – had fallen prey to the attractions of one of the bikers. I rushed to the head of the stairs.

No, the bikers were all present and correct, sir. Two of them had discovered a trial bike in the back garden and were gleefully riding it through the flowerbeds. The orgy was under way: Maggot was busily engaged in burying his face in Jez's pussy, much to her delight. Jürgen, it had to be added, was curled up on the sofa with the drag artist, and most likely about to receive a *very* unexpected surprise . . .

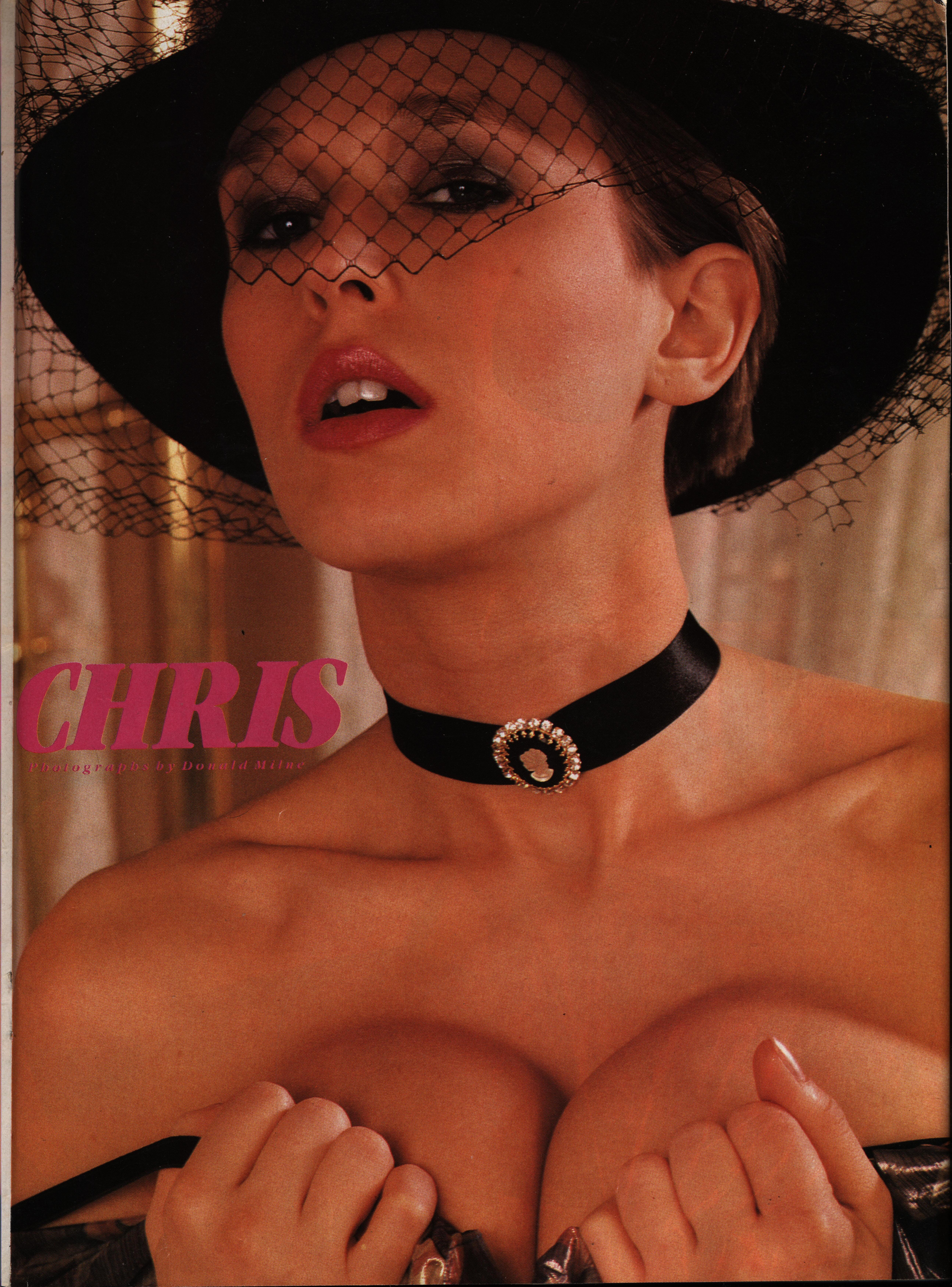
But still no Lena. I was getting very uptight, and, with the sight of all this excess before my eyes, very very horny. I decided, to hell with sensibility – I'd track that girl down and wouldn't let go until I'd achieved my aims. Not a very sociable attitude, I'll agree, but I was *that* bloody horny, I think the sight of Lena's arse once more would have been enough to send that splattery sensation down to my sub-navel regions PDQ.

Stepping very carefully over the writhing bodies, I headed for the French windows, opened them and looked out. Nothing to see, so I walked out on to the terrace. The trial bike with its drunken cargo lurched unexpectedly from behind a row of cypress trees, heading straight for me. I dodged just in time as it shot past my foot by about *that* much, and made a beeline for the ornamental

continued on page 61



"He's one of those 'Arty-Farty' types."



CHRIS

Photographs by Donald Milne

***N**ot a lot of people know this, but what makes women really orgasmic is their own male hormones. You may ghast your flabber if you will, but it's true. A girl can't make it and they treat her with the old androthingummy! Which, I suppose, means that really feminine*

women don't have 'em. (At least, that's what I tell the wife.) Multi-orgasmic Chris must be full of male hormones. (I mean, after a session there are no slates left on her roof.) And I bet you're thinking that's the reason she won't take her hat off – you know, the bald spot (37-22-36), right? "Wrong," says Chris. "That's where I keep my frog."

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THIS GIRL CANT get enough, but she's worried, find out why, ring 0836 403 403
I LOVE TO DO IT regularly i'm waiting for you on 0836 403 404
THE BEST BLOW you've ever had: Ring 0836 886 405 to get it.
PERVERTED PASTIMES for adults only, the unshockable need phone 0836 403 406
I KEEP SECRETS FROM MY husband phone 0836 403 407 to find out what they are
RICH BITCH IS READY for you she's desperate for you to call her ring 0836 403 408
LISTEN TO MY sordid secrets on 0836 403 409 over 18's only, they're very naughty
I TALK DIRTY for my man and he loves it, why not phone 0836 403 410 see if you like it
YOU DO ME A FAVOUR and i'll be dirty for you, i'm banged up but I need a good bang ring 0836 403 411
I'VE NO ONE to play with but myself, phone 0836 403 412 to hear me do it
FRUSTRATED FEMALES I tease the other women in the prison, find out how on 0836 403 413

I talk
DIRTY
for my man and he loves it. Why not phone
0836 403 410
SEE IF YOU LIKE IT!

I SWAP MY BODY for treats in prison ring 0836 403 414 to hear what I give the warder in exchange for 20 cigarettes
LEARNING TO LOVE lesbian lust, it's the only way to get satisfaction when you're banged up, hear the girls get down to it on 0836 403 415
NYMPHO'S IN NICK hear the girls who don't need men to achieve sexual satisfaction on 0836 403 416
I OBEY THE GOVERNER for perverted perks, you'd be amazed at what goes on, ring 0836 403 417 to find out

READY, WILLING

I LOVE TO BE PUNISHED when i'm bad, could you punish me properly? ring 0836 403 418 to find out how to do it
SEX IN THE CELL find out what happens after lights out in a female prison on 0836 403 419
HELP! I'M SURROUNDED by lesbians and I need a real man, ring 0836 403 420 if you can help me
SHE DRESSED LIKE A TART and he loved it phone 0836 403 421 to hear about it
THE KINKIEST line you can call, give it a try (XXX adult only) 0836 403 422
MEN IN RED LIPSTICK and stockings, hear about them on 0836 403 423 they turn me on, how about you?
AVAILABLE ...Mature woman, wet, willing and waiting for your call 0836 403 549
DISGUSTING with a dildo 0836 403 527

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I NEED A BIG ONE 0898 884 263
LET ME MILK YOU 0898 884 272
CALL ME – I'M TURNED ON!! 0898 884 264
A TOUCH OF TRUNCHEON 0898 884 270
COME ON – ENCOURAGE ME 0898 884 265
I'M FOR THE USE OF YOU 0898 884 269
LETS GET STRAIGHT TO THE NAUGHTIES 0898 884 266
IN BUT INSATIABLE 0898 884 268
A FLASH OF GUSSETT 0898 884 271
THE JOB IN MY HAND 0898 884 267

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KINKY PUNISHMENTS FOR BAD GIRLS

M58

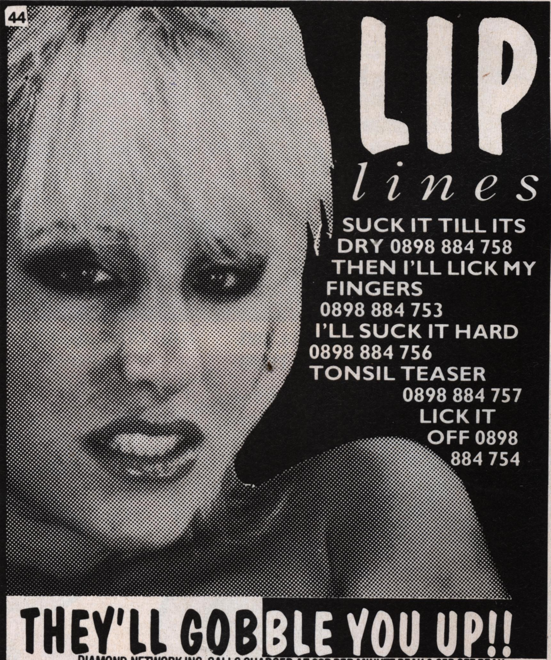
NAUGHTY NAUGHTY GIRL 0898 884 336

TRY THEM ON YOUR LADY

DISGUSTING DEEDS FOR FORGIVENESS 0898 884 340
MADE TO OBLIGE 0898 884 337
DRESS TO BE DISCIPLINED 0898 884 339
ON YOUR KNEES + BEG FOR IT 0898 884 338
LET ME TELL YOU THE KINKY THINGS I'M MADE TO DO 0898 900 544
OBEDIENCE TRAINING FOR LADIES 0898 900 561
DOMINATING DESIRES (XXX) 0898 777 866
THE BITCH NEEDS A FIRM HAND 0898 900 586

DIAMOND CALLS AT 38P PER MIN PEAK, 25P OFF PEAK

44



LIP *lines*

SUCK IT TILL ITS DRY 0898 884 758
THEN I'LL LICK MY FINGERS 0898 884 753
I'LL SUCK IT HARD 0898 884 756
TONSIL TEASER 0898 884 757
LICK IT OFF 0898 884 754

THEY'LL GOBBLE YOU UP!!

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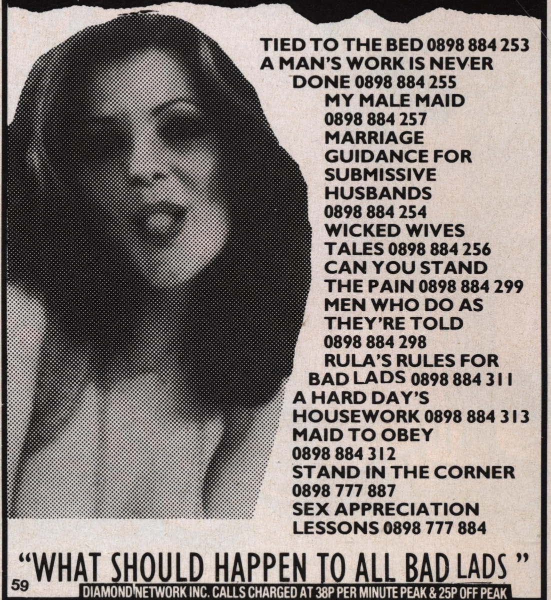
Classy LADIES

TALK DIRTY TO YOU!!!

DIANA LOVES GEAR STICKS 0898 884 231
LET ME POP YOUR CORK 0898 884 233
WHAT I DO TO MY MAID 0898 884 235
STRIP ROULETTE FOR LADY JANE 0898 884 234
DISGUSTING IN DIAMONDS 0898 884 232

CHASTISED MEN

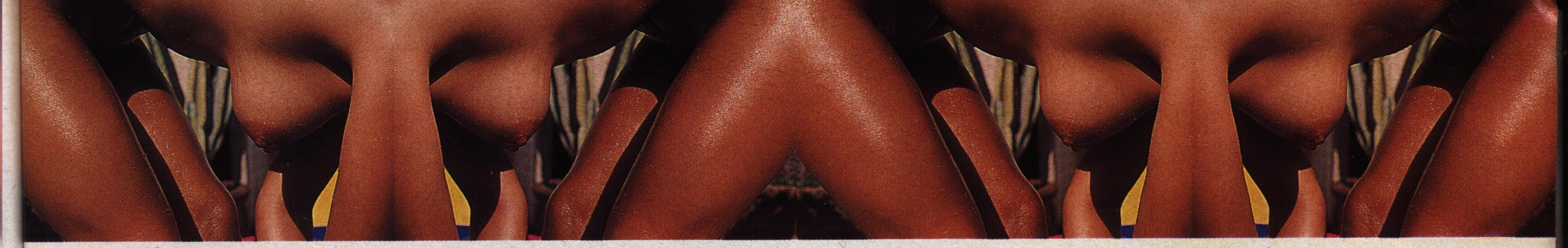


TIED TO THE BED 0898 884 253
A MAN'S WORK IS NEVER DONE 0898 884 255
MY MALE MAID 0898 884 257
MARRIAGE GUIDANCE FOR SUBMISSIVE HUSBANDS 0898 884 254
WICKED WIVES TALES 0898 884 256
CAN YOU STAND THE PAIN 0898 884 299
MEN WHO DO AS THEY'RE TOLD 0898 884 298
RULA'S RULES FOR BAD LADS 0898 884 311
A HARD DAY'S HOUSEWORK 0898 884 313
MAID TO OBEY 0898 884 312
STAND IN THE CORNER 0898 777 887
SEX APPRECIATION LESSONS 0898 777 884

"WHAT SHOULD HAPPEN TO ALL BAD LADS"

59

DIAMOND NETWORK INC. CALLS CHARGED AT 38P PER MINUTE PEAK & 25P OFF PEAK



continued from page 54

pool. I took a good hit from the 20-year-old malt. Then something caught my eye in the far corner of the garden.

A dress was hanging loosely from a rose bush – a cotton print dress. Lena's dress, but she wasn't in it.

I stampeded through the damp grass to the bush, snatching the dress and hiding it so that none of the others would see that signal.

I rounded the bush, my eyes scanning the greenery for any sign of Lena. I couldn't see her, but I could see a black lacy bra dangling from a nearby clump of Begonias. So, it was Hansel and Gretel time, was it?

Tiptoe through the tulips time. I picked my way through the flowers in search of the next clue.

I buried my face between her legs, eating her frantically – the way I had wanted to all night.

And there it was: those black satin panties adorning the head of a garden gnome. The lucky bastard. I had all the clues in this treasure hunt and all I wanted now was to collect my first prize. I looked desperately for any sign, but there was sod-all to see . . .

But there was something to hear. There was no mistaking those sounds: small moans, groans, sharp cries . . . noises of lust. Don't say that someone had beaten me to her! Please don't say that!

Cautiously, I peered around the hedge. Oh, Jesus, Jesus, Jesus! I damn near came where I stood. The sight that greeted my eyes was almost too much for my wretched brain to take.

There was Lena, lying on her back in the damp grass, naked as hell, all that glorious body displayed to the sun, her hand between her legs, frigging herself for all she was worth. Her head was thrown back as she rubbed at her swollen clit frantically – her lips open and moist in silent ecstasy. It was enough to make a grown man cough. And I did. Her hand froze, buried in the soft dark mass of curls between her legs and her eyes shot open.

"I thought you'd never come," she said.

"Looks like you already have," I replied wittily.

Lena sat up and looked at me. That cool, distant look had vanished, replaced by a look that I could more easily handle: *LUST.*

"I was keeping it warm for you," she smiled. "After all, you do deserve it."

I knelt down beside her. "How come?" I asked.

"For waiting so long," she answered me. "Very few men could show your kind of patience. I knew how desperate you were about 12 hours ago. I never thought you'd still be after me by now."

"Why didn't you tell me that you knew?"

"Call it a test." Her fingers trailed up my shirt. "I wanted to see if you could hold out. I was as horny as hell all night, but I just wasn't showing it."

I groaned. "You were horny all night?"

Lena nodded. "I always am. But I find it's so much better if you wait a while – until you're *really* desperate . . . like now!"

Her hand stopped caressing my chest and dived down between my legs, stroking the huge bulge that showed so prominently through my strides. I groaned at her soft touch. Frantic fingers sought out my zipper and yanked it down, so that my trousers fell open and my pulsating beast was at last freed from its cage. Lena's eyes widened.

"Mmmm . . . bigger than I thought," she purred, arching her head forward and flicking out her tongue to savour the salty tip. "I knew that it was impressive in the van, but I've never been a great judge of dimensions . . ."

"I don't mind all that much," I moaned, as Lena's wet lips enclosed the angry-looking purple bulb of my dick, sliding forward to capture more of my meat in her warm mouth, her tongue performing the kind of tricks that you never see on the Paul Daniels Show.

After a couple of minutes of this exquisite torture, she released me from her tantalising embrace, looking up at me with wide, sensual eyes.

"That taste," she murmured. "Tastes like . . . *need*."

"Uh-huh." I couldn't deny it. Lena continued to stroke her hands slowly up and down the length of my rigid shaft.

"We've both got need." Her voice was smoky, slaked with lust. "I can taste it on you . . . and you can taste it on me."

She rolled over on to her back, spreading her beautifully firm thighs, so that I could see her damp cunt glistening in the morning sun. The scent of her lust filled my nostrils and, as though drawn by a magnet, I buried my face between her legs, eating her frantically, the way that I had wanted to all night. I lost control, my tongue seemingly possessing a will of its own, licking, slurping, nibbling at her hot juicy box, lapping up the spicy musk. My frantic tongue sought her tiny pink pearl, stabbing it repeatedly so that Lena would arch her back, crying out to the sky her frenzied pleasure.

But I wanted more, much more, and after 12 hours of waiting I was not going to hold myself back a second longer. I threw my body on top of hers, my iron-like rod homing in on its target like a guided love-missile. Lena let out a sharp hiss of pleasure as I slid roughly inside, all the way to the hilt.

Then the madness took a firm hold and we were transformed into two animals on heat, rolling together on the wet grass, wanting to possess each other, take each other to the ultimate limit of pleasure. My mouth seized upon a quivering, rock-hard nipple, nipping it with my teeth, making Lena squeal in a mixture of pleasure and pain, but mostly pleasure.

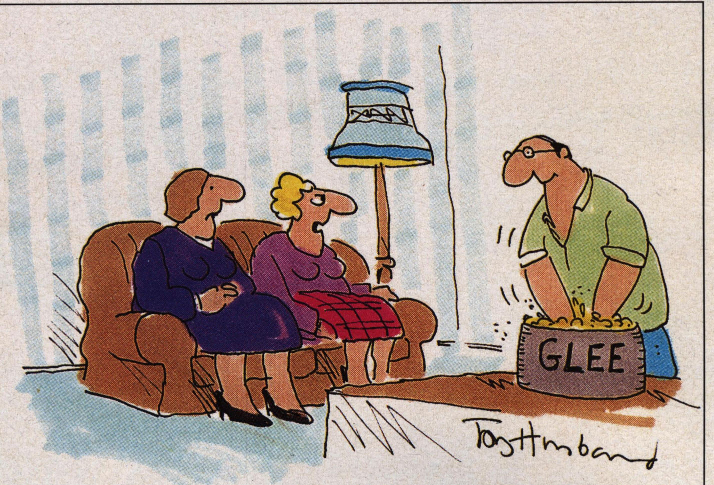
This was no tender Mills-and-Boon with-the-lights-out scene. No way. This was more of a battle, a struggle, all that pent-up frustration and need released in a carnal cataclysm. Lena's sharp nails raking my back, causing tiny crimson rivulets to trickle towards my arse as I threw her long, long legs up around my neck, amazed at where all this energy was coming from after a night of such strength-sapping activity. But then again, the night was just a prelude to these moments – Lena wrestling my body so that she was on top and in firm control, grinding her box against my seemingly huge cock, taking it all out of me, for her pleasure and my pleasure. I arched my back up to meet her at each stroke. Our eyes blazed with the fire of our lust, nostrils flared, breathing heavy, heart pounding, blood pumping as we *rammed* at one another, until . . .

"Oh yeah . . . *YEAH!*" The words jerking out of her as climax raced towards her at express train speed. She was gripping my thighs, leaning back to take as much of me as she could. *"NOW!"* Her eyes shut tight as she focussed everything on the sensations burning in her pussy, then searing through her entire body. *"YES! THIS IS IT! NOW! NOW!"* Then a savage scream of triumphant ecstasy as she hit the delirium button, thrashing in wild passion on my big stick of fuck-candy.

And then I joined – sounds leaving my mouth, no idea of what I was saying . . . roaring like a madman, feeling the intensity of my orgasm, feeling spurt after spurt deep inside Lena's tight, clutching cunt. It was that wonderful pain that seems to last forever . . . until it slowly, ever so slowly, subsides and there's a world there right next to you, that for the last half hour or so simply did not exist. It's over . . . for now.

It happened. I did it. I knew it would happen. Yeah, I knew it would happen. In the end.

Instinct? Never lets you down. MO



"Look at him rubbing his hands in glee!"

DEBBIE

PHOTOGRAPHS BYJOANIE ALLUM

Debbie Jordan is a jolly good girl to have on your side in a piss-up (I meant to write punch up, but that too). She packs one hell of a wallop (38-23-36). Just having her slap you on the back can lay you out, after a double somersault. Very direct is Debbie. Go up to any bloke and yell: "Why are you staring at me like I've got

two heads" – totally forgetting her tits are hanging out. Only woman who can stand up to Ms. Raymond as well and, therefore, a regular at our Friday lunchtime Frascati meetings, one of which has just had us banned from yet another restaurant. Oh well, it will have to be packed lunches from now on.

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YOURS SINFULLY

Write and tell us what turns you on. We'd love to know about your sexual fantasies and true life experiences. Address your letters to: The Editor, Private Parts, Men Only, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE.

UNCHAINED MELODY

My name's Melody, I'm 28 years of age and pretty happily married, all in all. My husband Charles and I have a marvellous and varied sex life. What turns him on more than anything else is when other men try and pick me up.

On one particularly memorable occasion, when a drunk grabbed me at a cocktail party and shoved his hand up my skirt (I was in the bedroom-cum-cloakroom bending down to get my ciggies from my handbag), Charles made not the slightest effort to intervene. He just stood there, gloating.

"Let the poor bugger enjoy himself!" said my husband, so I bent down and touched my toes while the dirty old sod fiddled around with my behind, pulling my panty-crotch open and popping his big, dirty, fat thumb up me.

And how did my husband react? By bolting the door and having himself a furtive little wank while the disgusting old lush continued his obscene fumbling. He opened my petals and tweaked my pubes and squeezed my clitoris, and all I could do was close my eyes and imagine it was someone hunky!

Finally, I could take no more. I was shamefully turned-on and all I wanted was my husband

and his lovely big, thick prick to play with.

"Get him out of here, for God's sake!" I said to my husband, fearful he'd boil over and cum all over the carpet before seeing to me. Charles grabbed the pathetic old fart and bundled him out of the cloakroom (such language!) and locked the door again.

He stripped me down to my stockings and suspender belt and treated me to a fast and furious doggie-style fuck on top of the female guests' swanky fur coats laid out on the bed. He slapped my bottom and tormented my nipples as he rammed his adorable length in and out of me. It was incredibly exciting – as indeed was making polite small-talk to the other guests when we rejoined the party a few minutes later, with my husband's cum slowly slithering down my thighs and dripping on the carpet!

However, the real point of this letter is to tell you all about the kinky sex party my husband and

I attended recently, at a large country house up in Suffolk. It was wonderful fun and within the space of four hours I thoroughly misbehaved myself with lots and lots of really dishy men.

I wore chains, an alligator hide G-string, a spiked leather mastiff collar, black fishnet stockings and a really bizarre pair of black patent leather high-heeled shoes, straight from the pages of *The Perils of Pauline*. Charles led me from room to room on a dog lead attached to my spiked collar, pleased as punch with his tasty, leggy, big-bosomed, absolute fucking tart of a wife!

My husband took me down a stone staircase to the wine cellar, standing by and licking his lips gleefully as a succession of drunken, randy men fucked me face-down over a huge, old-fashioned wooden beer barrel. They made disgusting remarks as they pawed my privates, clawing at my stockings and yanking my chain-mail harness tight into my flesh as they took turns in my pussy.

Far from feeling shame, discomfort or humiliation, I absolutely revelled in the sensation of having cock after rampant cock thrust into me, and even when a crazy, rubberclad girl knelt on the stone floor in front of me and presented me with her enormous, pendulous boobs to lick, I didn't bat an eyelid. I squeezed them and caressed them and sucked their nipples till they stood up pink and swollen. I craved sex in every

I craved sex in every shape and form – the cruder the better . . .

shape and form – the cruder the better.

Charles had a fabulous time, also. He was the only guy at the party who managed to force his charms on a pair of outrageously pretty and sexy teenagers (Thai or Filipino, I couldn't work out which). He smuggled them into the loo and persuaded them both to go down on him – i.e. simultaneously! When I hammered on the door demanding to be let in, their little fists were rubbing his cock like crazy, and I got a beautifully jealous buzz, seeing him having so much extramarital fun! His cum splashed all over their naked bodies and they made a great show of licking one another clean. Yummy!

"They must have put something in our drinks," my husband said on the drive home, referring to his still-tumescent cock. I suggested he pull into a layby for me to suck him off. And we did just that.

"I love you," he said as he ejaculated over my bare breasts.

"And me, you," I replied. "You realise that kinky display in the wine cellar was entirely for your benefit, I suppose?"

Charles didn't say a word. He led me out of the car and into a ploughed, muddy field and fucked me on my hands and knees, scooping handfuls of sloppy soil and smearing it over my arse and thighs as he roughly shagged me.

He was (justifiably) very proud of having the biggest cock at the party, and although Charles and I had made love a million times before, it had never felt lovelier.

M.B., Esher, Surrey.

PLAIN GREEDY

My name's Ginny, I'm almost 25 years of age and I've got the sort of physique which makes men's heads turn. Refer to the accompanying photograph if you think I'm just another vain bitch! As luck would have it, I wanted nothing more than to be a fashion model when I was a kid, and here I am with a body like a Fifties burlesque dancer.

My mum's from Venezuela, which explains my coffee-coloured skin, brown eyes and blue-black pubic hair. My dad's a red-haired Glaswegian, so where he fits into the equation, heaven knows! My bust measurement is 36 and I love going bra-less under my favourite tight, white T-shirts.

I live in London W2 with my West German boyfriend, Rudi, and my Afghan hound, Maxi. Rudi's very strict with me, which – secretly – really turns me on. When he discovered I'd been seeing another boy behind his back, he was so angry he slapped my bottom and called me a 'common whore'. This made my pussy all slippery-wet, so I took my clothes off and lay on the bed with my legs spread wide – like a *real* common whore!

"If I'm the whore you say I am," I shouted through to his study (he was working late on his word processor), "why don't you use me like one?"

When Rudi came into the bedroom and caught sight of me toying with my nipples and stirring three fingers around inside my sex, he went loco.

He pushed my legs apart and plunged his face between my thighs . . .

"My God!" he shouted. "Is this what you get up to when you're with Marcus?"

"Oh, this is nothing compared to some of the things we get up to," I teased. "Once, when we were stoned, we made our very own hardcore porno video. I wanked him till he was hard and he put the camera beside the bed and stuck his cock up my . . ."

It was too much for Rudi to take. He freaked right out and called me an effing little whore, and I thought for one dreadful moment he was going to hit me. However, the juicy spectacle of me joyfully plugging my hot little cunt with so many fingers brought my arrogant German lover to his knees – quite literally. He pushed my legs apart and plunged his face between my thighs.

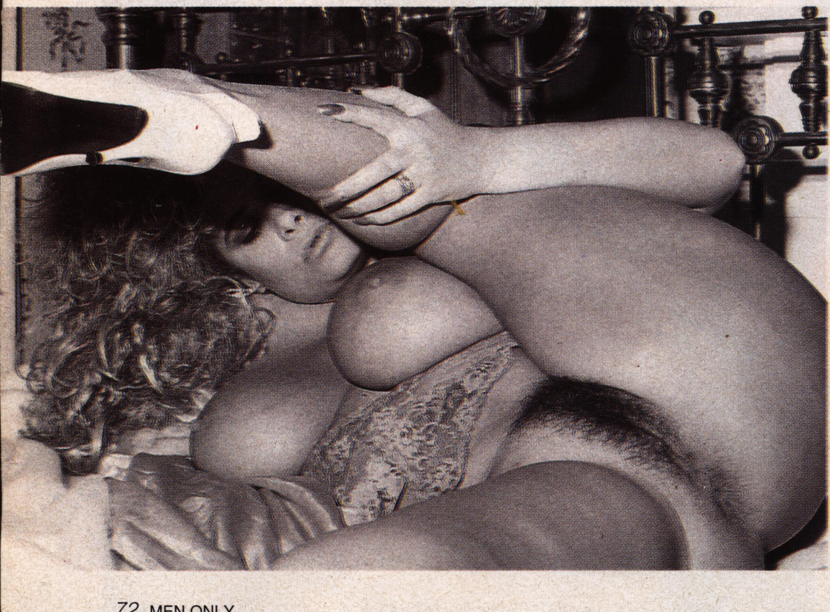
"Lick her, you cocky German bastard!" I crowed. "Then I'll tell you more about that dirty video."

Being the twisted, sadistic little devil that he is, my secret lover Marcus was only too delighted to hand over the tape of him and me being absolutely filthy together! He'd always disliked Rudi (who was smarter and far better looking than him), but the one thing Marcus had going for him was the monstrosity which dangled between his legs. He knew full well that when Rudi watched the tape of his beloved having such wonderful fun with his rival's thick 10 inches inside her, he'd all but die of jealousy!

My only reservation about showing Rudi my pornographic video was the (very real) possibility that the sight of me sucking Marcus's prick and taking it from just about every angle humanly possible, would send him over the edge. All I really wanted was to goad him into ravishing me, but what I could definitely live without was a black eye!

However, Rudi was adamant he wanted to watch the video, ordering me to take my knickers off prior to playing it. All it depicted was two lovers doing the sort of thing most lovers do behind bedroom doors: kissing, fondling, sixty-nining, fucking in rude positions, etc. OK, I admit the sequence of me masturbating with a lubricated dildo, while Marcus used my mouth and massaged my boobs, *was* a bit over the top – but aren't men supposed to enjoy their ladies acting outrageously between the sheets?

"How could you do such things with him?" gasped Rudi. "You might as well become a prostitute and sell it, you enjoy it so much!"



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"And how come you've got an absolute beast of a hard-on?" I countered, opening his dressing gown and spreading Johnson's Baby Oil over his pretty prick.

Rudi groaned a masochistic groan as he watched the close-up of me (smiling radiantly!) tossing Marcus off into my mouth.

"You only like him because he's got a huge cock!" he accused, angrily, so I defused the situation by saying: "Yes, you're right. But he's such a moron, darling – and not half as dishy as you."

Rudi put his arm around me and kissed me affectionately as I continued stroking his slippery prick, though still unable to take his eyes off the lurid action on-screen.

"You like the idea of other men making love to me, don't you?" I whispered, tickling his glans as the camera dwelt on a close-up of Marcus with his face between my thighs, demonically lapping my raw, wide-open pussy.

"Er, maybe," he said, giggling nervously.

"Well, why don't I invite Marcus round for a threesome?" I suggested. "I know you hate one another, but after a few drinks I could make things interesting. I'd be *very* naughty . . ."

"Promise me you won't leave me for him," Rudi insisted, and I gave him my word. Two nights later he and his dreaded enemy were cavorting in bed with me like two cuddly little stiff-cocked bears. After Rudi recovered from his initial embarrassment at being naked with someone almost twice his size (penis-wise), he had the time of his life, necking with me and licking my tits while Marcus fucked me.

"You only like me for my big cock," said Marcus, afterwards. What on earth does a girl have to do to keep a guy happy nowadays?

V.H., London.

BED 'N' BAWD

Hi, I'm Christine, 23 years old and a great Men Only *fan. Two summers ago I toured the Northern working men's clubs, 'stooging' for a stand-up comic who subsequently made quite a name for himself on Channel 4, and it occurred to me your readers might like to hear a particularly dirty story concerning my experiences.*

I'd just graduated from drama school and was absolutely desperate to get my equity card, so I was grateful even for this break – decidedly downmarket as it was.

It was a terribly lonely existence, and Chris (as I shall call him) and I being gay didn't exactly help. We stayed at cheap

boarding houses with unbelievably ghastly landladies, Chris only had to snap his fingers for boys to come running, but I found opportunities for sex very few and far between.

However, very late one night, just as I was taking my knickers down prior to changing into my

She was licking me in places I swear I've never been licked before!

nightie, I heard a floorboard creak. I looked round and there was the landlady – pretty attractive by Northern standards – standing in the doorway. She wore a long, old-fashioned black lace nightie which left absolutely nothing to the imagination.

"I was wondering if there was anything I could do for you," she said.

"A cup of tea would be nice," I said turning round to sit on the bed and completely forgetting my knickers were caught round my knees. My landlady giggled as I fell in an undignified heap on the bed. God, I felt such a fool!

Her name was Rita and she reappeared a few minutes later, not with a pot of tea but a bottle of Bell's and some mixers. She sat beside me on the bed and told me all about her ex-husband and what a 'rotten lot' he was, and of all the 'splendid chaps' who she'd entertained between the sheets.

"But then again," she said, edging ever closer, "I've never really been much of a one for the fellas. How about you?"

Rita, I'd decided, was a very crafty lady who somehow sensed I wasn't 100 per cent straight.

"I don't really like men," I confessed. "I like their friendship, but not to spend the night with."

My landlady calmly put her hand on my knee and said: "Shall I lock the door?"

I've had sex with a number of girls, but never with one as old as Rita. She had to be almost 50 years old, but when she turned to face me and let her full, diaphanous nightie fall to the floor, I was amazed how firm and curvaceous she was.

"Never had kids, see," she said, as if reading my thoughts. "Open your knees, dear, and let me lick you all over."

Feeling a right floozie in just my shoes and white stockings (and well and truly pissed, besides), I did as my landlady requested, shivering with pleasure as her long fingernails dug into my thighs and her expert tongue furrowed a damp path through my pubes, alighting on my clitoris.

Naughtily, I raised my feet from the floor and draped my legs over her shoulders, thrilling to the way she three-fingered me while licking me off.

"My, you're a big, sloppy girl down there!" she cackled. I ran my fingers through her hair and called her a dirty old goat, and she giggled, pausing from her cunt-licking to say: "Oooh, I don't half fancy you something rotten, dolly!"

Curiously enough, the feeling was entirely mutual. There was something about Rita's cheerful, bosomy brassiness which really turned me on, and, having had the most amazingly intense orgasm, I was eager to reciprocate.

Rita lay on the bed and I went down on her, licking her thick blonde pubes aside and plunging my tongue up her pink-lipped slit. But I could sense she wanted more.

"Why don't you make yourself comfy, dear?" she said, hinting that I reposition myself astride her face.

I lowered my pussy on to Rita's mouth – but she wanted none of that prissy, girlie stuff! Instead she grabbed my hindquarters and pulled me down on to her, burying her face in my sex and licking me in places I swear I've never been licked before!

My landlady and I slept together in a deep, semi-drunken sleep, and when we awoke we made love again, this time with the help of her 'little soldier' – as she referred to her vibrator!

When we went downstairs for breakfast, one of her stock-in-trade commercial travellers grabbed her bottom and said accusingly: "And where were you when I needed you?" He gave me a withering look – then smiled and winked as Rita gave me a tell-tale pat on the bottom.

Embarrassed? I wanted to crawl away and die!

C.V., Taunton, Devon.

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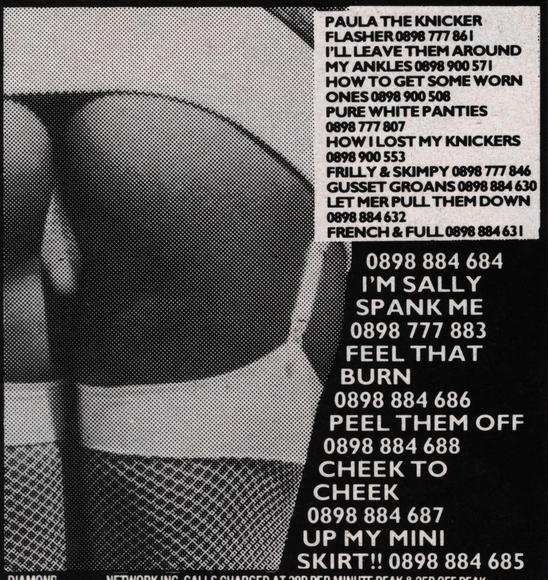

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MY CONFESSION

We all have sexy secrets and erotic fantasies although few of us are fortunate enough to be able to put them into practice. *'My Confession'* is for those impulsive and audacious readers who have dared to do it for real . . .

"Tony!" I called, pushing my shopping bags through the front door of the flat. "Are you home?" I'd left work early to pick up my new outfit, so there was a chance my flatmate wouldn't be in yet. But his hours as a computer programmer were unpredictable. In fact, as I shut the door, there was a clatter from the kitchen, and a dark, tousled head appeared.

"Hi, Gillian. Been shopping?"

I raised my hand. "Three minutes, and I'll show you. This outfit is going to blow Bruce's socks off!"

In my bedroom I quickly stripped off my workclothes, and slid straight into the sexiest silk scanties I'd ever had the courage to buy. Black, lace-edged, semi-see-through bra, skimpy black briefs that barely covered my bottom, lacy suspender belt with thigh-grooving suspenders, sheer, dark silk stockings.

Let's see Brucie withstand this! My fiancé might look like Mr. Macho, but deep down he was unbelievably old-fashioned. Once he'd popped the question, it was no nookie until the wedding night. It wouldn't have been so bad if I'd had any more than finger pie out of him before that.

Half the time I thought it was dreadfully sweet and trusting of him. The other half I seriously doubted if he fancied me at all! Hence the saucy outfits – like the siren red, ra-ra bottomed dress I was pulling over my scanties now – to remind him what he was missing. Thank God I had a wonderful flatmate like Tony to keep up my girlish confidence.

He sauntered into the bedroom, sipping at a Coke, wearing his jogging suit and sneakers.

"What do you think?" I asked, giving him a twirl.

He nodded. "You'll knock him dead, especially showing that much leg."

I chuckled – I've always been proud of my legs. "Wait till you see the knickers!" I grinned. "Here, unzip me, will you?"

I turned my back to let him, and, stepping away, smoothed the dress over my head and draped it on the bed. Then I turned to face him, hands on my bottom cheeks, boobs out-thrust, legs slightly apart. His eyes widened appreciatively.

"Well, well," he murmured, and made me laugh. "Do you know I can see your nipples?"

I glanced down, frowning. "You can't, can you?"

"Look," he said, moving closer. "There . . ." His hand reached out, and a finger prodded the peak of one bra-cup. "Your pubes are showing, too," he went on.

"What!" I bent to look. Three tiny, gingery hairs peeped out my gusset. I gave an exasperated sigh. "If Bruce gets close enough to notice it won't matter."

Tony shrugged and resumed his stance by the dressing table. "Actually it's the sexiest outfit I've seen you in," he said.

"Good," I said, mollified. I slid my hands down over the silk of my knickers. "I'm not sure if I'm safe to go out in it!" Then I glanced up at Tony and gave him my crafty smile. "I'm going to

take it all off now and have a shower. What are *you* going to do?"

My heartbeat quickened as he took a sip from his drink. It was a part of our ritual that we kept things nonchalant, though tonight – perhaps because of my sexy new lingerie, perhaps because Bruce was picking me up in two hours – I felt extra naughty.

"Oh," said Tony finally, "I'll stick around, if you don't mind."

"Why should *I* mind?" I shrugged. "It's your flat, too."

I turned my back again and reached a hand up to my bra catch. Shrugging off the bra, I walked forward, dropped it on a chest of drawers and only then turned to face Tony, running my hands up and over my bared breasts.

I saw Tony's eyes drop to them, and heard him take a deep breath. My eyes dropped to the crotch of his jogging suit. "Haven't you just had that cleaned?" I grinned.

He gave me a thin smile. I gripped the sides of my new silk knickers, bent forward and began to draw them down. As the gusset pulled away from my crotch, I heard Tony's faint cough and glanced up. I swallowed a grin as I noticed the slight, but unmistakable lump in his jogging suit crotch. He was doing well tonight!

Stepping out of the knickers, I straightened, tossing them on to the bed. "You might be right about my pubes," I said, looking down at them and sliding my fingers through the pale, gingery fuzz.

I glanced up. He was standing much more tensely now, and the bulge in his trousers had become a little tentpole sticking straight out. He grunted and moved his drink in front of his crotch.

I picked up a hair-band. "I'm showering," I said.

Wearing just the suspender belt, stockings, and high heels, I trotted through the living room to the bathroom. After a moment Tony followed. I couldn't resist glancing behind to watch his bulge wobble and bounce. It was almost fully stiff now, sticking up at 45 degrees.

The bathroom was tiny with the shower over the bath. I had to shut the door to let Tony squeeze in past me. I pretended not to notice, but my heart jumped as his bump brushed the side of my hips. It felt like he had a piece of wood in there!

"Turn the shower on, will you?" I said.

"Cheeky cow," Tony muttered, leaning over the bath to do it. Behind him I shed my suspender belt, shoes and stockings and fastened up my hair. By then he'd managed to get the water temperature the way I liked it.

"Here I am," I beamed as he turned, raising my arms and thrusting out my 34C breasts, "in all my naked glory!"

To my surprise he went bright red, shuffling past me awkwardly and settling on a wicker stool in the corner. Watching him, I climbed into the bath and let the shower wash over me. "Sorry," I said, picking up the soap, "I didn't mean to taunt you."

Tony shrugged. "It's OK."

Unconvinced, I began to soap my breasts, scooping and squeezing each one as I covered them in foam. My nipples, I noticed, were beautifully stiff. I felt a little trickle of electricity in my crotch.

I gazed at Tony again as I started to soap downwards over my tummy. He was flushed and a bit glass-eyed, and his bulge looked very big. All his usual signs that he was close to ejaculating.

"Are you sure you're all right?" I asked. "Do you want to masturbate?"

His eyes seemed to leap at the word, and so did his bulge. He started to get up.

"I think I'd better go to my bedroom," he said thickly.

"No, don't do that." I spoke quickly, stopping him. My hands had reached my crotch. My blood thundered as I faced Tony, slowly massaging the foam into my pubic hair. I felt so unbelievably *rude!* "You can do it here," I told him. "Really, I don't mind."

Tony swallowed, staring at me as if he thought I was teasing.

But I kept my gaze steady as his hands slowly came together over his bulge, pressing, squeezing the long, thick outline in his jogging trousers.

Breathing in, he began to rub it in a slow, steady rhythm. Without thinking, I began to match my steady soaping of my pussy to the same rhythm.

"Is that nice?" I whispered.

He took a deeper breath. "Oh, God, Gillian," he rasped, his eyes glistening, "you're just so *beautiful* – you make me so *hard*."

Instantly he jerked and gasped, making me gasp, too, horrified that he'd come in his pants.

"Don't be silly," I said. "Take it out or you'll ruin your trousers."

His gaze jerked up into mine. His mouth fell open. We both

knew it was a turning point, something we'd been building up to in the three months Tony and I had been sharing. When we'd first moved in I'd thought he was indifferent to women. Partly because of that, partly because of my frustrations with Bruce, I'd been quite careless around the flat. But all that changed the night we were both watching TV and I was standing, ironing, in bra and pants and I suddenly noticed Tony was doing his best to hide an enormous hard-on!

That's when I realised Tony's problem wasn't indifference, it was *shyness* with women. He was a very horny young man indeed! If I'd been sensible I'd have covered up and ignored it, but I *liked* Tony, I felt sorry for him, and – to be honest – turning him on turned *me* on, especially when I wasn't getting turned on anywhere else.

Gradually it became a private joke, checking if I'd accidentally aroused him. Soon it wasn't so accidental. I'd walk about half-naked after a shower, or get him to chat me up when I was in the bath or getting changed.

God knows why he hadn't jumped on me, but he had a very exalted view of women – he knew I'd promised to be faithful to Bruce, so that was that. And I'd pushed him so far! The times he'd had to rush off to the loo seconds before he came in his pants – the times he *had!* I'd felt so wicked, so unfair to him, so gloriously *naughty!* But, until that moment in the bathroom, I'd never actually seen this hugely sensitive penis I had such an effect on. Now, looking as incredulous as I felt, Tony was pulling down the sides of his jogging pants to show me.

"Oh my God, Tony!" I cried, and almost laughed. "Oh, that's obscene! Nobody can be *that* big!"

He blinked at me with the ghost of a smile. *It* stuck up, red and stiff and shiny-topped, between his fingers – looking a good inch longer than anything I'd ever seen before, and about two inches *thicker!*

"Are you serious?" Tony asked.

"Believe me!" I said. "I don't joke about things like that." I felt a cold chill sweep through me. Shuddering, I had to look away. Suddenly teasing wasn't enough any more. I glanced back at his hand gently pumping his foreskin, and sighed. "Look, Tony," I said quickly, "I don't think this is such a good idea."

His face dropped. "I've upset you . . ."

"No – quite the opposite!" I replied. "It's just . . ." I knew I was red, and felt utterly stupid. "Couldn't you just have a wank in your room?"

He looked stricken. "I'd never get there," he said.

I shook my head desperately. "Well, in the loo, then! In the bath! Christ – do it on *me* if you want to . . ."

Blinking, I stared at him as he moved towards the bath, kicking off his sneakers, treading down his pants, his massive cock pointing ahead. It had been so *long* since I'd felt something like that pushing its way into me, opening me up, filling me . . .

I was shivering as he stepped into the bath behind me, naked from the waist down. I stared at him as he inched closer, closer, and gasped as his swollen bulb lightly butted my tummy. "Will you do a lot?" I breathed.

He swallowed. "Gallons – I always do for you."

"Put it in me," I whispered. "Just the tip. Let me feel it properly." I turned before he could answer, flicking off the shower, bracing myself against the tiles, pushing my bottom towards him.

"Gillian!" he hissed. I grunted as his extraordinary thickness butted between my legs, sliding along my labia. Shivering, I reached down, grasped its bulb and eased it back between my lips, feeling its hardness, its warmth, its massive masculine power – feeling it stretch me.

Instantly Tony's hands clutched at my hips; he was shaking like a leaf. "Gillian!" he gasped. "I can't hold it! I'm slipping further in!"

A wave of incredible feeling swept over me. I moaned, pushing my bottom back, impaling myself on Tony's cock.

"Don't stop!" I hissed. "Push it all the way in – stick it in me – *fuck* me!"

Then I let out a loud wail as his full fat width invaded me, pushing up my passage in a solid, meaty rush. And, as he began to thrust, my climax burst in me like a wet explosion, a beat before he groaned and flooded me with spurt after spurt of the gorgeous sperm he'd wasted so many times before. But not any more. I suddenly had the strong suspicion that my wait for my wedding day was going to be no hardship at all . . .

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AFTER 10PM LIVE SEX SHOW 0836 402 830

SEXUALLY FRUSTRATED MEN

MUST RING 0898 654 500

RIGHT NOW – DON'T MISS THIS!

SEXUALLY FRUSTRATED WOMEN RING 0898 654 501
SEXUALLY FRUSTRATED COUPLES RING 0898 654 517
SEXUALLY CONFUSED LESBIANS RING 0898 654 509
SEXUALLY LIBERATED GAY MEN RING 0898 654 505
BOLD BONDAGE LOVERS RING 0898 654 511
HOT SPANKING SPECIALISTS RING 0898 654 514
TRANSVESTITES ONLY PLEASE RING 0898 654 504
FRUSTRATED FETISH FANS RING 0898 654 502
FOR BI-SEXUAL BLISS RING 0898 654 518
FOR SEX CONTACTS RING 0898 654 503
STAINED SATIN SHEETS 0898 654 506
FORBIDDEN FETISH SEX 0898 654 515
WIFE SWAPPING ACTION 0898 654 516
BONK A HOUSEWIFE 0898 654 507
TRY ON LISA'S PANTIES 0898 654 508
GAYS AT PLAY 0898 654 510
LADY IS A PRO! 0898 654 512
AFTER 9PM LIVE TALK (X RATED) 0898 654 513/519

CALLS CHARGED AT 25P PER MIN OFF PEAK, 38P PEAK

24 HR SEX!

DIAL A GIRL (ANYTIME)	0836 402 806
MAID FOR SEX	0836 402 807
SWEET VICKY'S FIRST TIME	0836 402 808
HORNY HOUSEWIFE	0836 402 809
LIZZIE LICKS	0836 402 810
SARAH'S SEX OFFER	0836 402 811
WET LEATHER DREAMS	0836 402 812
DIRTY GIRLS CONFESS	0836 402 813
IT'S A TIGHT FIT	0836 402 814
STRIP ME – BONK ME	0836 402 815
STICKY FINGERS!	0836 402 816
SPANKED UNTIL SORE	0836 402 817

RANDY MANDY WANTS TO GIVE YOU ONE! 0898 77-76-26
STRIPTEASE GIRLS 0898 77-76-25
BLACK RUBBER LOVE 0898 44-49-04
MY PANTIES ARE FREE 0898 44-49-02
GAY CONNECTION 0898 77-76-61
RING FOR RELIEF 0898 44-49-03
AFTER 9PM SEX LINES 0836 402 831

PUNISHMENT LINE 0898 700 367

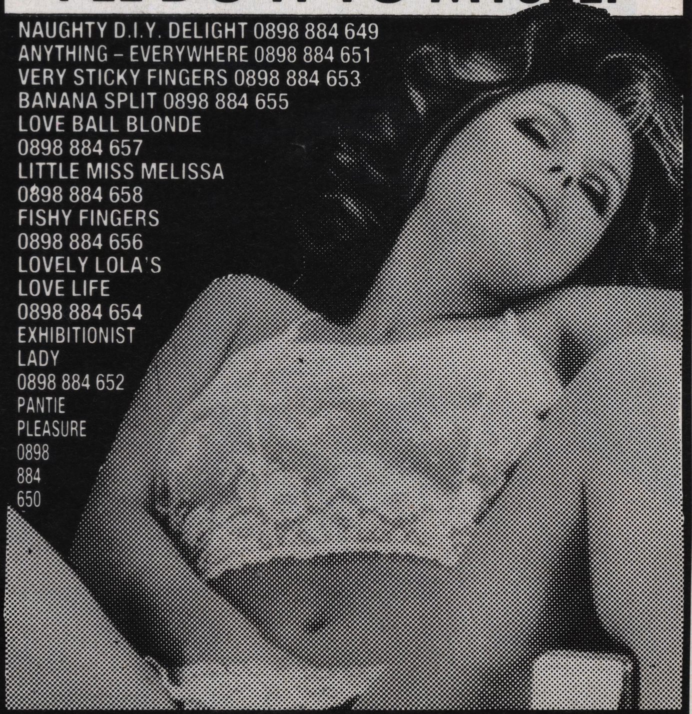
SPANK FUN	0898 100 449
BEND OVER	0898 700 357
BONDAGE SPECIAL	0898 300 817
ULTIMATE CLIMAX	0898 700 355

STREETTIDE CALLS CHARGED AT 25p PER MINUTE CHEAP RATE & 38p PER MINUTE AT ALL OTHER TIMES

SELF SATISFACTION

"I'LL DO IT TO MYSELF"

NAUGHTY D.I.Y. DELIGHT 0898 884 649
ANYTHING – EVERYWHERE 0898 884 651
VERY STICKY FINGERS 0898 884 653
BANANA SPLIT 0898 884 655
LOVE BALL BLONDE 0898 884 657
LITTLE MISS MELISSA 0898 884 658
FISHY FINGERS 0898 884 656
LOVELY LOLA'S LOVE LIFE 0898 884 654
EXHIBITIONIST LADY 0898 884 652
PANTIE PLEASURE 0898 884 650



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DOMINATION BITCH STYLE 0898 884 222
TRY & TAME ME 0898 884 229
THE BITCHES TOY JOY 0898 884 223
JUST GIVE ME SILK KNICKERS 0898 884 228
VERY PERSONAL QUESTIONS 0898 884 224
TEASED TO ERECTION 0898 884 227
LET ME USE YOU 0898 884 225
A THROB BETWEEN MY LEGS 0898 884 226

STICKY IN STOCKINGS

I'M HOT, WET, READY AND WILLING

0898 777 912

SEXY

SLAVE MARKETS
I'M FULL OF EASTERN PROMISE, WILL YOU BUY ME?

0898 777 965

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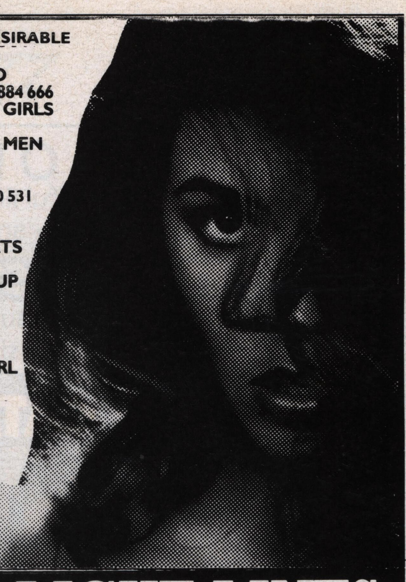
FUR COAT & NO KNICKERS 0898 884 666
SAUCY STREET GIRLS 0898 884 668
GIVE ME YOUR MEN 0898 884 667
COME INTO MY DREAMS 0898 900 531
SOHO SUZIE 0898 884 665
TEMPTING TARTS 0898 884 341
LET ME GET IT UP 0898 884 345
DRESSED FOR DIRTY DESIRES 0898 884 343
KINKY CALL GIRL DIRECT 0898 884 342
ANYWAY YOU WANT ME 0898 884 344



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"FOR THOSE LADIES OF PLEASURE"

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MEN ONLY

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SEXY SLAVE MARKETS I'm full of eastern promise, will you buy me?? 0898 777 965
CLIMAX IN THE CLOUD ice can ve ever so nice 0898 777 966
SNOW WHITE TAKES ON 7 listen to her handle them 0898 777 967

RAUNCHY RACHAEL'S

RANDY WRITE IN
XXX ADULTS ONLY
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0898 884 767
0898 884 771
0898 884 768
0898 884 769

DIAMOND
CALLS AT 38P PER MIN PEAK, 25P OFF PEAK

SPANKERS GUIDE

PART 2

FOR A MAN WHO DESERVES PUNISHING 0898 777 976
FOR A MAN WHO WANTS 2 NAUGHTY GIRLS 0898 777 974
FOR A GIRL WHO SPANKS A GIRL 0898 777 977
FOR A MAN WHO LIKES SPANKING LADIES 0898 777 971
FOR A MAN WHO LIKES RESTRICTIVE PUNISHING 0898 777 973
FOR A MAN WHO LIKES TO BE SPANKED 0898 777 972

SIX OF THE BEST

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PINK

AND PARTED
I WANT TO GET THOSE JUICY LIPS AROUND YOU

0898 777 937

MEN ONLY

I LOST MY KNICKERS AT NIAGRA find out how on 0898 777 968
HEALTH FARM FROLICS starved of food but not of sex 0898 777 969
I NEED A GOOD SPANKING are you man enough to provide it?? 0898 777 971
HAVE YOU BEEN BAD? I'm the lady to punish you 0898 777 972.
RESTRICTIVE PUNISHMENT It's my speciality, do you deserve it?? 0898 777 973
2 YOUNG LADIES WHO HAVE BEEN NAUGHTY can you give us the treatment we deserve?? 0898 777 974

7 SEXY SINS

"INTIMATE MOMENTS REVEALED"

IT WENT BETWEEN MY LEGS 0898 884 237
I DRESSED UP DIRTY FOR HIM 0898 884 239
MADE TO PULL MY PANTIES DOWN 0898 884 242
TEASING TEACHER 0898 884 241
HOW I GOT HELPLESSLY GROPED 0898 884 240
MY LESBIAN EXPERIENCE 0898 884 238
ANIMAL LUST 0898 884 236

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RESTRICTIVE RIGHTS

IT'S MY SPECIALITY, DO YOU DESERVE IT?

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WET, WET, WET..... 0836 403 542
MAKE ME CREAMY My names Melissa and I'm desperate 0836 403 573

TASTY TALK

"THEY'LL GOBBLE YOU UP"

CREAM IN MY MOUTH 0898 884 243
LICK MY LIPS 0898 884 262
I WANT TO SIT ON IT!! 0898 884 244
DEMANDING EXTRAS 0898 884 261
I LIKE IT NICE & STIFF 0898 884 245
DEEP THROATED JOY 0898 884 260
LET ME MAKE IT GROW 0898 884 246
DISGUSTING IN DENIM 0898 884 259
TOTAL TEMPTATION 0898 884 247
TASTY TREATS 0898 884 258

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continued from page 112

swallowed every last drop. She said she'll see me again next year, so until then I'll have to survive on a monthly dose of your mag.

Mark Plumstead

Farmyard Frolics

While cycling last month I stopped by an old farm in the hope of getting some milk, but I didn't think I'd get Whipped Cream (0836 405 550) too!

The Farmers Wife (0836 405 551) was Hot & Horny (0836 405 552). She took me Round The Back (0836 405 554) to an old barn where she would Peel My Clothes Off (0836 405 555) then give me a Hump In The Hay.(0836 405 556)

I intend to go there again with some friends for an Open Air Orgy (0836 405 557), but that's another story.

Paul Kent

Waves of Pleasure

The beaches in Florida are full of Horny Housewives (0836 405 558) looking Soaked & Sultry (0836 405 559) in their swimwear.

I got chatting to one of them in the water and couldn't help Groaning With Desire (0836 405 560) when I felt her Clammy Clench (0836 405 561) within my trunks. I soon became Solid & Steamy (0836 405 562) as I felt her Stroke Me Slowly (0836 405 563),

so I pulled free her bikini which revealed the most glorious Clinging Cleavage (0836 405 564) I have ever seen.

Calls are charged at 25p per minute "cheap" rate and 38p per minute at all other times

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LESBIAN HOUSEWIVES 0836 402 518
DESKTOP SEX!! 0836 402 537
CALLERS WIVES LIVE 0836 402 530
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STOCKINGS & SUSPENDERS 0836 402 510
WIFE SWAPPERS 0836 402 672
HOUSEWIVES FANTASIES 0836 402 555
CAROL'S BUST 0836 402 545
OLDER WOMAN SEEKS SEX 0836 402 529
PRIVATE HOTLINE 0836 402 613
ZETA'S BEAVER WATCH 0836 402 548
HOT WET & WILLING 0836 402 625

EXPLICIT ACTION AFTER 9.p.m. 0836 402 560 - AFTER 12.a.m. 0836 402 571

XX UPDATE 0836 402 500
XXX UPDATE 0836 402 690

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CLIMAX COMING 0836 400 886
BIG BRENDA 0836 400 994
HOT & HUNGRY 0836 400 828

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After 2.00am 0836 400 821 & 4.00am 0836 400 926

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GIRLS CALL 0836 400 891
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PRIVATE LESSONS 0898·333·164
STRAIN IN THE TRAIN 0898·333·174
BEDDING DOWN 0898·333·175
FOREIGN BITS 0898·333·180
GIVE IT A RUB 0898·333·181
SOAPY GROPE 0898·333·182
HOT NIGHT 0898·333·183
LADDER LUST 0898·333·194

BACK SEAT RIDERS 0898 333 196
LISTEN AND LUST 0898·333·233

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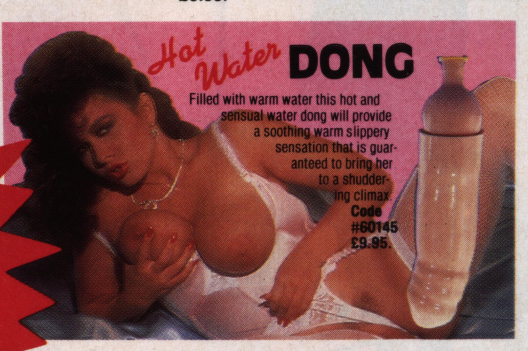

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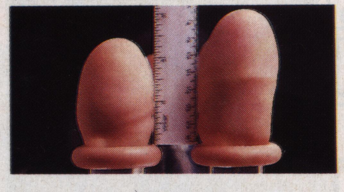

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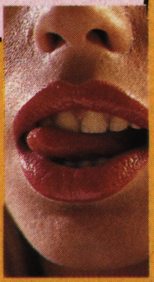

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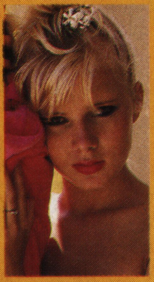

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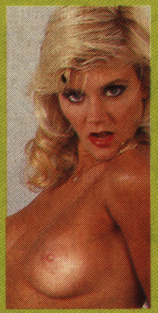

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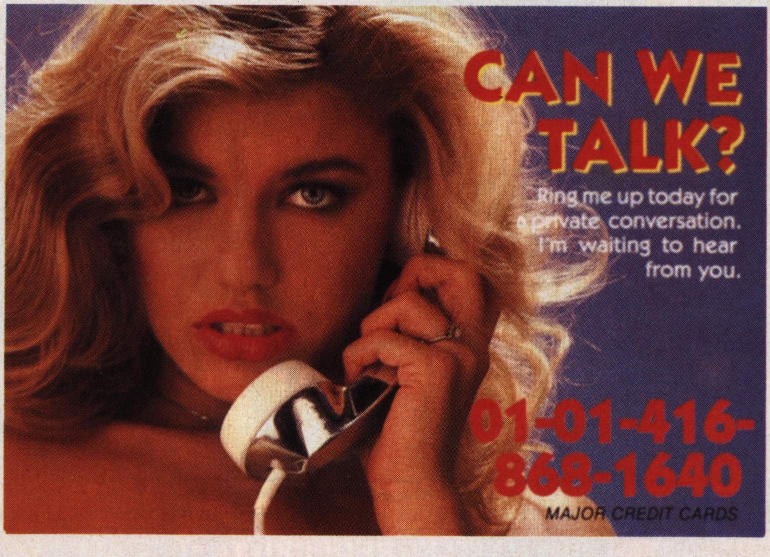

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PHOTOGRAPHS BY DWIGHT FOX

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YUMMY! YUMMY! BLAH!

Next month's issue is something really special. Packed with all the warm wet willing ladies you've ever dreamed of – you know the ones we mean: the cheeky, laughing ones with firm taut bottoms and stiff nipples who're always acting mysterious but giving you unexpected glimpses while pretending not to. Ho hum.

LOOK OUT FOR MEN ONLY VOL 54 NO 8 ON SALE THURSDAY 27th JULY DON'T BE CAUGHT SHORT!

continued from page 34

closer I could hear low sounds coming from the room. I had been expecting to hear Sam snoring or voices speaking. But this was neither. It was more like little whimpering sounds, and it did not sound like Sam!

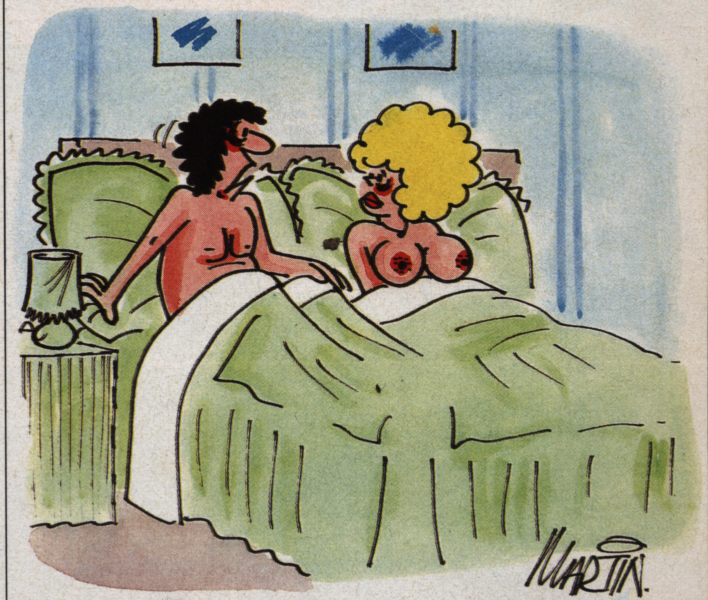
Curious, I went closer to the open door and, as I approached, I saw Mark. He was sitting on the floor behind the huge settee. He was peeping round the corner and looking towards the fire. He turned as he heard my footsteps behind him. As he saw me he put his finger to his lips before I could speak. He beckoned me to him. I crouched down beside him and asked, in a whisper, what he was doing. He pointed to where he had been looking. I craned my neck to see what he was meaning. There, on the floor in front of the blazing hearth were Susan and Sam, locked in a passionate embrace. And I must say, I had never seen anything as passionate as that embrace!

I gasped with the shock of seeing my best friend and my husband sharing such intimacy. When the initial shock drained away I realised that I was becoming quite aroused by the spectacle. I could not tear my eyes away from them. I watched as the fire-light raced over their moist bodies as they moved as one. I heard Sam as he whispered and crooned to Susan, his mouth moving down on hers, kissing her neck, his tongue flicking down to her breasts and sucking hungrily at her dark nipples. I could feel myself becoming very wet as I watched. I was totally engrossed in what was happening before me – that is I was, until I felt Mark's hand move my hair away from the back of my neck. He flicked his tongue over my skin as he, too, watched. I was kneeling down and leaning on my hands. His hand slipped up under my sweater, and my body quivered as I felt him cup a breast and knead my flesh, his fingers pulling on my nipples until they stood out like bullets. He raised my skirt, revealing my bare buttocks. Moving behind me he began to kiss my dripping pussy.

I could hardly contain myself as I felt him put his finger inside me. I felt him moving closer and I readied myself for the next move. He pushed his engorged prick inside my eager pussy as we both groaned with pleasure, my buttocks pushing towards him to take all that he had. He held on to my breasts as we screwed doggie fashion so that we could continue to watch our 'other halves' as they enjoyed each other's bodies. Mark moved his right hand down and rubbed at my clit. The sensation was exquisite as we came to simultaneous orgasms and he shot his hot seed all over my buttocks. As we groaned, unable to contain ourselves, Sam and Susan realised that they were being watched.

Needless to say, we did not get much walking done that weekend! We spent most of the time in front of the fire!

L.R.,
Rochdale.



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